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CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH POETRY*

WILFRID GIBSON

TO me, as a writer of the older generation, it is a piece of good fortune that the Editor, when he suggested the preparation of this article, did not stipulate that its scope should be restricted to a consideration of what is known, specifically, as "modern" poetry. Not that I, personally, am out of sympathy with even the latest movement at a time when the younger poets are displaying an exceptional vigour and enterprise—only that the term "contemporary" allows me a wider latitude of appreciation, enabling me to make a more catholic survey inclusive of a greater number of writers.

I must admit to an aversion from the consideration of any artistic activity as a mere matter of mode: and the labelling of the latest manifestations of the creative spirit as "modern" is not only distasteful, but seems to me an unnecessary and slightly absurd practice. I have always disliked the customary expedient of classifying poetry in periods, a plan that, for all its convenience, is liable to separate into groups, by means of arbitrary divisions, writers who really follow each other in an unbroken line of succession. What the significant writers of any age have in common is usually a mere matter of superficial manners which obscure, rather than reveal, their essential individuality. There is, for instance a "period" resemblance in the verse of Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Moore—enough, at least, to date those writers—mainly a matter of diction and of a current pseudo-Oriental romanticism; and yet what poets could be fundamentally more diverse?

*At the end of the article will be found a list of the works to which the author refers. [EDITOR'S NOTE.]

Poetry is no mere freak of fashion; and surely there can be no such thing as "modern" poetry, any more than there can be such a thing as "modern" life, if we would imply by the term "modern" a poetry or life that has little or no connection with the past. Poetry and life are ever-flowing streams, not to be frozen into periods and sharply divided, cut into blocks of ice for easy handling. Indeed they are one and the same stream, a stream that ever welcomes new tributaries; and in poetry the most daring innovator is merely an eddy, however much he may seem to trouble the waters, in the living current of tradition. True, there is a regrettable tendency at the moment to talk as if tradition and experiment in poetry were antagonistic to each other: but experiment has always been in, and of, the tradition of English poetry, the constant source of its re-invigoration; and the alleged conflict between the older and the younger writers, as such, can, at most, be only something in the nature of a sham-fight. And so, in this paper, I propose to write, quite uncontroversially, of current English verse as a whole, and to consider contemporary writers, not as "traditionalists" or as "modernists," but merely on their merits as poets, without the qualification of any arbitrary epithet. There is, of course, a sense in which all poetry is contemporary: but the commentator being subject to the limitations of time and space, I am obliged to draw the line somewhere, and on this occasion must confine my tentative appraisements to the work of living writers.

Nevertheless, although the tradition of English verse—not even in the age of the Augustans, who so complacently made a deliberate attempt to stabilize their own particular formula, to petrify poetry for all time by confronting it with the Gorgan-stare of Propriety—although, as I was saying, the tradition has never been static, it cannot be

denied that, at the moment, we are passing through an exceptionally disturbed transitional stage, and that, for the lover of poetry, the immediate prospect is full of exciting possibilities. The waters are troubled, and running a little turbidly; but at all events there are no signs of stagnation. It is not so much that almost every other day a new school of poets would seem to be discovered, or, rather, to discover itself, and to proclaim its existence with a presumptuous manifesto, as that there is quite an exceptional number of distinguished writers of verse in England at the present time. Schools of verse may flourish and fade; but the significant poetry has never been achieved by schools, as such, poetry not being a co-operative production. The poets who come to count are the individual writers, even though, at the outset of their careers, their saliency may have been temporarily obscured by a huddle of disciples and imitators. So numerous are these writers to-day that, when I was playing with the idea of this article, I was able to jot down a list of nearly fifty living poets whose work seemed to call for comment. Obviously, if I should attempt to deal with all these in the space at my disposal, the result would be little else than an annotated catalogue; so I have had perforce to make a strictly limited selection, always an embarrassing business when dealing with one's contemporaries; and the omission of many well-known names from my survey is not due to any desire on my part to draw invidious distinctions, nor does it necessarily imply any disparagement of the work of those I have been obliged to pass over.

Perhaps, in this connection, it may seem needless even to refer to such a veteran as Mr. W. B. Yeats; but the peculiar distinction of Mr. Yeats is that, throughout his long career, he has always been a contemporary poet—

so vigorous and so vigilant is his creative sense that his work, distinguished from the outset, has shown a constant development, and, at the age of seventy, the poems he is writing are as fresh and as immediate in their appeal as those of the youngest and most arrogant of the innovators. Some of the younger men, it is true, while delighting to yield him homage, are a little inclined to disparage the earlier poems of Mr. Yeats's more romantic phase; but, for anyone whose taste has not been vitiated by mere modish theories, the lovely lyrics of his youth not only retain their charm, but exist in their own right as the work of a master, as surely as the more austere and astringent poems he is writing to-day.

Mr. Yeats has always had a considerable following; but there are two poets of the elder generation whose contemporary prestige falls far short of their merit. Perhaps the work of Mr. Sturge Moore and of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie has not the instant compelling charm of Mr. Yeats's: neither of these writers is pre-eminently a lyrist, and they have fallen on days when epic quality in a poet makes little or no appeal to a public that responds instantly to the lyric. Both of these poets have recently issued their collected verse; yet, although the discerning (among whom I, naturally, count myself) have long recognized the value of their work and have never had any doubts as to its survival, I fear that even the attractive presentation of so fine a body of verse has done little to establish these poets in public favour. And now, I suppose, I am making them sound dull by speaking of them as if they were a pair, a kind of poetical Romulus and Remus; whereas each is a poet of a marked and unmistakable individuality. They have indeed little in common save their courage in attacking ambitious, (so-called) "traditional themes," with a singularly refreshing

vigour, and expressing them in an entirely personal idiom with a peculiarly individual diction. In essentials, these two supposedly merely "traditional" poets are actually two of the most original writers of their day; and the comparative neglect of poets of their calibre seems well-nigh inexplicable. Nor, for all the popularity of his "Lament for the Fallen," has the gravely beautiful verse of Mr. Laurence Binyon received adequate recognition; while the coloured and romantic work of Mr. Gordon Bottomley, apart from those poems of his which are peculiarly adapted for presentation by amateur dramatic companies, has been unduly neglected. The purely lyric poets have fared better; and there is little need at this date to dwell on the exquisite rhythmical and emotional subtleties, the twilight nuances, of Mr. Walter de la Mare's sensitive art, or on the dewy freshness of the songs of Mr. W. H. Davies. Mr. John Masefield and Mr. Alfred Noyes, poets more ambitious in aim, if of a more uncertain achievement, have had an even wider acclaim; and certainly in the work of Mr. Masefield, in spite of his inexplicable lapses into banality, there are passages that glow with an intensity of inspiration, a vivid emotional illumination, rare in the writers of a more even temper. Three other poets, each of signal individuality and of an even more remarkable diversity in their conception of the functions of poetry—Mr. Redwood Anderson, with his far-ranging and eloquently expressed philosophical speculations; Mr. Humbert Wolfe, with his very idiosyncratic, often exquisite, though frequently too facile, lyricism; and Mr. Richard Church, with his subtle reflective poems —have scarcely won more than a momentary regard: while the poets who attained an instant vogue during, or immediately after, the War—Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, Mr. Robert Graves, Mr. Edmund Blunden, and Mr. Robert

Nichols—have scarcely retained their considerable popularity, even though their work has matured. The public always prefers a poet to keep on writing in the same vein: and, though Mr. Blunden, who began as a rural poet, now writes poems wider in scope and of increasing depth and subtlety; and though Mr. Sassoon has followed his violent protestations with lyrics of a more sensitive perception and more delicate workmanship; and though Mr. Robert Graves, outgrowing the delicious innocencies of his boyish rhymes, has developed unguessed potencies of apprehension and expression, these poets would seem to have fallen into comparative neglect. The place of Mr. Ralph Hodgson is secure, though his unbroken silence nowadays may cause him to be temporarily overlooked. The three Sitwells, too—once the most famous firm of verse-writers—have lost their fashionable following, although their work has lost none of those fantastic and esoteric mannerisms which once startled the lethargic public to an admiring or objurgating attention. Miss Edith Sitwell is still as original and as uncompromising as ever, while Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell displays an even richer and more sumptuous imagery: but the challenge no longer arouses the same response. On the other hand, Miss V. Sackville-West, Mrs. Frances Cornford, Lady Dorothy Wellesley, and Mrs. Daryush (Robert Bridges's daughter), poets, as various as they are distinguished, who have never had any sort of vogue, quietly retain the esteem of their readers. The Irish poets, Mr. Padraic Colum and Mr. James Stephens, in spite of a too prolonged silence, are secure, I should fancy, in an affectionate regard; while Mr. Austin Clarke, a comparative newcomer, has recently established his reputation by the publication of his collected poems, remarkable for their epic quality, their sonorous rhythms, and the coloured richness of their

Celtic imagery. Of the younger Irish singers, perhaps Mr. F. R. Higgins and Mr. Frank O'Connor are the most notable. Mr. Herbert Palmer, a sort of stormy-petrel of song, still pursues his somewhat erratic course, now startling us with poems almost Blake-like in their intensity, and now dropping into banal doggerel; while Mr. W. J. Turner, without sacrificing too much the sensuous quality that first attracted attention to his work, now writes verse of a more intellectual complexity.

In spite of my opening remarks, it would seem, I fear, as if I were treating my chosen poets rather cursorily: but, in a survey of contemporary verse, I feel that it is not essential to dwell on the more or less accepted virtues of the poets whose work has already in a measure been assimilated by the small public of poetry-readers; and I have been eager to hasten on to the consideration of those more recent poets whose verse can by no means be easily digested by everyone, the newcomers, who, if they do not win our instant appreciation, are at least significant enough to arouse a speculative interest. The work of these writers, the value of which is still a question that occasions excited controversy, I shall attempt to discuss in fuller detail.

There have been moments when it would seem to the more conservative lovers of poetry as if these newcomers were really violating the tradition of English verse: but, of course, such moments of a sudden apparent disruption have been frequent in the history of the art. Yet, even to the most open-minded of us, if we still hold that poetry should be a means of communication as well as a vehicle of self-expression, and that we should be able to read it with ease and excitement, and not have to struggle for its meaning in a welter of private references and of obscure and dissociated images, some of the more

extravagant vagaries of the mere novelty-mongers have been the occasion of an extreme perplexity. Too often recently we have been offered "a heap of broken images," "fragments shored up against the ruins," instead of an organic poem. Some of the much-vaunted newness has proved to be the mere novelty of the modish—the innovation, mere eccentricity. For a time the pursuit of the inexpressible by the inarticulate was carried on with all the volatile enthusiasm of a new parlour-game. It is, of course, the essential function of the poet to reveal the relevance of the apparently irrelevant; but this is not to be done by the haphazard jumbling together of ideas that have an exclusively personal connotation, and far-fetched images that have none at all. Very often, it would seem to me, these impatient writers released their poems too soon, before the matter had become properly fused in the crucible of the subconsciousness, and the association of the images established; and that what they ejected from the furnace of their heated imaginations was merely a half-baked conglomerate, rather than a true amalgam. Again, others, in their anxiety to avoid a stale and too familiar technique of expression, would seem to have discarded too much—their work having a purely intellectual distinction and being altogether without any sensuous quality. Some of these clever young men, too, have been needlessly offensive in the arrogance of their adolescent swagger (an adolescence, in some instances, unduly prolonged), and have acted on the assumption that their own epoch-making productions inevitably liquidated the work of their immediate predecessors. Unfortunately, this attitude has raised a little retaliatory resentment in some quarters; but if we are to get anything at all out of poetry, we must approach it without prejudice, and certainly without the slightest bias of hostility. Our approach should be one of eager expectation.

These new poets assuredly have their own peculiar virtues: influenced by Donne, Hopkins, and the later Yeats, there has been a stringent tensing of the poetic muscles; and verse has become more vigorous and athletic. Being whole men, these writers are not even afraid of being sententious on occasion: indeed the gnomic utterance, a conviction laconically stated, without fear or favour, is one of the hall-marks of some of the newest work. The moral is no longer out of fashion. Yet in this work as a whole I feel there is something lacking, apart from the absence of purely sensuous qualities: the moral fervour hardly makes up for the feeling that there is seldom any urgency of lyrical impulse; the poems too often seem to be merely the outcome of an intensive, but bloodless, cerebration. However, it is much too early to make up our minds about these poets—if, indeed, it ever be necessary to perform that dubious operation in regard to any poet! Let us then greet the newcomers without dismay, even if without extravagant acclamation, in the assurance that their final position will be won without any reference to our tentative estimate of their qualities.

I have hesitated, not a little, as to whether, in strict propriety, I could include the work of Mr. T. S. Eliot in a survey of English poetry, Mr. Eliot being, like Mr. Ezra Pound, an expatriated American; but as, unlike Mr. Pound, who has long since shaken our uncongenial dust off his rather intolerant and over-sensitive feet, Mr. Eliot would seem to have adopted England, with all her faults, for better or worse, and as he, with Mr. Yeats, shares the reverence, and the irreverence, that the young accord to their masters, it would in any case be impossible to ignore his influence.

Mr. Eliot's own early work, while not lacking in spontaneity, was in the main the cultured expression of a

hyper-sensitive, over-sophisticated distaste for the times in which the poet found himself, a world-weariness which, nevertheless, because it was laced by an acrid humour (or perhaps I should say, wit), avoided the futility of mere frustration. To some of us this early verse seemed rather like the stale lees of romanticism, sentimentality gone a little sour—the cynicism, a little cheap, the disillusionment, a trifle superficial. But to the young, the bitter draught came as a reinvigorating tonic: this concentrated brew of the essences of many cultures had for them a stimulating tang. They were tired of easy poets; and even Mr. Eliot's most abstruse literary references, the lines from the works of other poets which he incorporated in his own work, giving them a wry twist, or, at least, a slightly different connotation, teased them to excited interest. *The Waste Land*, too, expressed a contemporary mood of after-war disillusion, not so much by explicit statement as by the evocation of the emotional atmosphere of a disintegrating world. And, I think, the young truly sensed that the disillusionment was no mere languid acceptance of the futility of things: they were aware of a fierceness, an intensity, an intolerance, and a creative vitality, even in those despairing cadences, which betokened the hidden fires of regeneration. Mr. Eliot has travelled far since then: he has "found religion," his own sufficing solution of the enigma of existence; the hidden fire has become explicit, even if it has never burst into a very ardent flame, in his later work. For my part, I make no pretence that the significance of his poetry is all crystal-clear to me: there is much that still baffles me after many re-readings; but a poet has every right to demand of the reader a submission to his mood, and much of Mr. Eliot's poetry—"Ash Wednesday," for instance—seems to me to be the expression of an emotional mood

to be absorbed by the reader, rather than something to be comprehended by the intellect. Yet, in spite of the richness of its cadences, there is something a little dry and desiccated about Mr. Eliot's work as a whole, an over-refinement and over-subtilization. Hitherto, his has been a frugal muse. Whether he is to win to a more exuberant, more abundant life through the medium of the drama, remains to be seen. Some of the choruses of *The Rock*, and of *Murder in the Cathedral*, certainly have a sonorous, if uncertain, splendour of incantation.

One thing most of these new poets have in common: the consideration of their work demands, and rightly demands, our most concentrated attention. Certainly he who runs may not read Mr. Auden with any profit! Indeed, this poet is so terse in expression, so taciturn, as to seem at times well-nigh inarticulate. The excessive concentration, the brusqueness of manner, the cramped laconic style, and the characteristic dropping of the articles, definite and indefinite, make the reading of his cryptic verse difficult for even the most alert intelligence; and I readily admit that much of it still baffles such feeble powers of penetration as I possess. "Paid on Both Sides," the first poem in his book, I understand only in patches, after several re-readings; but then it seems to me to be a thing made up of an incongruous assortment of patches, rather than a whole fabric of closely woven texture. Yet Mr. Auden's poems are well worth wrestling with: even in the most obscure, there is a sense of latent power and potency; and we feel that the passion of his intense anger at social injustice will one day burst into a clear, smokeless flame. He is certainly a dynamic poet; and he has already produced some dramatic pieces in which he seems to be making a determined effort to win free of the constriction of his earlier manner and to attain

a more direct utterance. Perhaps it is the very urgency of what he has to say that has made him stammer hitherto.

Mr. Cecil Day Lewis, besides being influenced in his technique by the most original of all the War-poets, Wilfred Owen, has much else in common with Mr. Auden. On the whole, his work is more lucid, more instantly intelligible, although it still demands an unflagging attention; but at times it, too, in its very strenuousness, the over-tensing of the muscles, gets itself knotted into a state of immobility, the intellectual stress constricting the free movement of the emotion. Technically, Mr. Day Lewis's work is also indebted to the influence of Gerard Hopkins; but that is not to say that he is devoid of originality. The several influences I have noted are merely formative; the echoes are by no means constant, and I feel assured that Mr. Day Lewis is working towards an entire individuality of utterance. At present—and this I think is true of the work of all the younger poets—his cadences are too monotonous, and a too undiscriminating and reiterative use is made of images drawn from mechanics, images which, even when appropriate, are already losing their freshness through over-exploitation. Nor is Mr. Day Lewis's sense of form in his longer poems over-sure. His so-called "symphony," "A Time to Dance," is merely a collocation of incongruous fine things, without any organic unity, and most certainly its second "movement," "The Flight," would have been infinitely more effective as a straight-forward narrative than as a sort of ejaculatory and rhapsodical apostrophe; while the recently published drama, *Noah and the Waters*, besides being ill-constructed, does not, as an allegory, well, hold water! Yet, withal, Mr. Day Lewis has some achievement to his credit—and an energy that should carry him far.

The difficulties of Mr. Stephen Spender's verse are all due to superficial mannerisms. He is inclined to be a little too modish, to accept too readily the current poetic-jargon of rail-heads and pylons: his work as yet lacks a personal idiom. Nevertheless, he has written some simple and direct poems with a limpid beauty of their own; and his social passion burns with a clearer, if not intenser, flame than Mr. Auden's. His rhythm, too, even if he does not show any strong lyrical impulse, is less cluttered; but, like the work of so many contemporaries, his verse is speech, rather than song. Mr. Louis Macneice's work is much richer in content than Mr. Spender's; and in spite of more than a touch of the customary paraded sophistication of these over-intellectualized poets, it has more body, and also something of the intelligence that comes from the actual experience of living. Perhaps Mr. Macneice's Ulster background has helped: it is essential that a poet should have a local habitation for his spirit, even if he has quitted his native land. At all events his images are more concrete, more sensuous, more visual, more tactile, and less brain-spun; and, even when they are not completely fused into poetry, they arrest the attention by their vividness. Nevertheless, the work of Mr. Michael Roberts is, perhaps, more immediately satisfying. It has a lucidity, an austere beauty, as of the mountain-heights Mr. Roberts himself has scaled. It breathes a rarefied air; but it has the ecstasy of the peaks, and a music of its own, a little thin, maybe, but clear and piercing. Sometimes, in the current mode, Mr. Roberts's diction is too dry, too exclusively scientific and technical, and a few of his pieces are brain-spun enigmas, rather than poems; but there is also a feeling of assurance that he will win free of the prevalent inhibitions.

And now we come to two of the very youngest of the

poets—still, in fact, in their early twenties. Mr. George Barker's poems are already surprisingly accomplished, delicate, sensitive, and subtle, even if, at times, over-precious. Their sense is inclined to be elusive; and the heavily latinized vocabulary tends to be employed over-fastidiously. We rightly demand the utmost precision of statement from a poet—even a vague mood must not be vaguely indicated; but that precision should have a casual air, as if it had been hit upon by a happy accident, and not seem to be merely the result of an intensive dictionary-searching. Mr. Barker's technique is of the most "modern:" his verse delights to include the deliberately prosaic statement and to employ muted rhymes; but there is evidence of an individual apprehension in his vision of the world. Mr. Laurence Whistler's poems are much more sensuous, both in their imagery and in their music. There is occasionally a too-strained novelty of epithet, or a vagueness aping profundity; but these are merely the fashionable vices, and there is little doubt that Mr. Whistler will outgrow them. It is something of a relief in these days to come on the work of a young poet who has used his eyes to look at the visible world, who does not rely entirely on introspection for the stuff of his poetry. In the richness of his imagery and the fulness of his music lies the promise of Mr. Whistler's work.

So that there might be no risk of my article's dwindling in diminuendo to a mere note of promise at the end, I have kept two of my most distinguished poets in reserve till the last, two poets who, though they could scarcely be more diverse in character, have each work of signal achievement to their names. Mr. Roy Campbell, whose glittering, clanging rhetoric has more in common with the verse of Swinburne than with the constricted cadences of his own

contemporaries, is, of course, well known: and I only need to remind my readers of such poems as "Tristan da Cunha," "The Zebras," and "The Horses of the Camargue," to renew the vivid delight of their first discovery; but the exquisite tiny nature-poems of Mr. Andrew Young are, to most of us, a more recent find. Mr. Young's work has some of the freshness of Mr. Davies's; but his angle of vision approaches more nearly that of Mr. Robert Frost, and he has, too, something of the crystalline integrity which is the shining quality of that poet.

Finally, this rapid and all-too-cursory survey of the contemporary field of English poetry, should, I suppose, end in some concluding and inclusive generalization; but then I have always had a horror of generalizations, which being, at the best, statements of half-truths, naturally provoke me to contradiction. In any case, how can any generalization include an adequate summary of the various qualities of so many diverse and individual poets? I can only repeat my conviction that the contemporary field yields a rich harvest, and that the immediate prospect of English poetry is full of exciting possibilities.

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CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH POETRY

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ST. PAUL AT THE TOMB OF VIRGIL[1]

Sir Robert Falconer

As late as the fifteenth century there was sung at Mantua the Mass of St. Paul, in which the Apostle in deep compassion wept by the tomb of Virgil:

Ad Maronis mausoleum
ductus, fudit super eum
piae rorem lacrimae;

quem te inquit reddidissem,
si te vivum invenissem,
poetarum maxime.

These lines may be rendered:

The Apostle led to Virgil's tomb,
grieving at his untimely doom,
let fall a reverent tear;

had I but met thee face to face,
blest wouldst thou be in Paradise,
poet without a peer.

There is nothing incredible in the tradition that St. Paul, during the seven days which he spent with "the brethren" at Puteoli on the Bay of Naples, turned aside to visit the spot in his seaside villa at Posilipo near Naples, whither the poet's ashes had been taken for burial after his death at Brundisium. Virgil died on the twenty-first of September, 19 B.C. St. Paul may have reached Puteoli in the spring of 60, or 62, A.D. Long before this, educated society of the Western world was familiar with the *Aeneid*; tags of it were scribbled on stucco in the streets of Pompeii. Already in the poet's lifetime, the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics* had become school-

[1]Cyril Bailey, *Religion in Virgil*, Clarendon Press, 1935.

books. Martial, who arrived in Rome as a young man a year or two after St. Paul, mentions that a portrait of Virgil was often prefixed to the school-books, and accepts the verdict of antiquity as to his pre-eminence. As "the saint of poets" meriting divine honours, the Ides of October were sacred to him.

St. Paul had been educated in the schools of Tarsus, Jewish schools indeed in which he was taught the traditions of his race but in which also he seems to have spoken Hellenistic Greek of the higher type. He was a Roman citizen by birth and was proud of it. The name of Virgil, therefore, whose poetry was by this time almost "the Bible of the ancients," was in all probability well known to him; but that he had read Virgil as a schoolboy, in fact that he could have read him in Latin, is quite unlikely. Even if he was able to follow the story of Aeneas, his youthful Hebrew soul would have been impatient of Virgil's interweaving, in the tale, of the loves and jealousies of the lesser deities, though they were to the poet but the antiquarian embroidery with which he delighted to deck the contending forces that had shaped imperial Rome. During the eighty years which had elapsed since the death of Virgil, his faith that Providence was bringing in a new golden age under a deified emperor who was to be a saviour of the world, had ceased to be cherished by many, and, while the Apostle was proud to be a citizen of Rome, he could not have shared with Virgil his feeling of *pietas* or reverent regard for it. His experience led him in later life to be grateful for the Empire's restraining power over evil forces, but he stood in awe before its might and his life was uncertain before its tribunals.

It was different with the successors of St. Paul in the West. When the Johannine tradition at Ephesus ceased, the influence of Rome on the Christian Church strength-

ened greatly. In the capital of the Empire the earliest source of the Gospels which we possess, that which is embodied in Mark, took shape. There also, in all probability, the Pauline epistles were first gathered into a *corpus* and became universally authoritative. The Western Church gradually attained to primacy. The Fathers of Western Christendom were Roman at heart. They inherited the belief that Rome was the mother of civilization. As Rome decayed, the Christian hope rose that the Church would take up into itself all that was good in the weakening Empire and transform it into a glorious City of God. During the early centuries the veneration for Virgil grew in intensity. He was the symbol of Roman sentiment. He became the supreme poet in the literature of civilization. Moreover, his exaltation was heightened by the enduring tradition of his personal purity: he was remembered as the *anima candida* of Horace, the *Parthenias* of the Neapolitans, who gave him this title because of his chasteness in life and speech. So great was the spell cast upon the world by his prophecy of the better day to come for the human race under Roman rule, that, when this secular hope began to fade, the Christian Church appropriated the fourth Eclogue for its own, and made Virgil the prophet of the birth of Christ. In the third century the Church gained rapidly in strength, triumphing over oppression and persecution, through its practical good works of compassion and love. As the society in which there still survived traditions from the Augustan renascence, was being shaken by furious blasts, there gleamed faintly over it the rainbow of Virgil's hope, the noblest conception, in the Roman world, of divine sovereignty and of a redemption for mankind, in fact a pallid analogue for the confident Messianic expectation of the Hebrews. Virgil thus prepared the cultivated

mind of the Empire to wonder whether perchance his dream, so unrealized in the decaying order in which men were living a sad existence, might find fulfilment in the aggressive, if still despised, Christian Church.

The assumption that Virgil had foretold the birth of Christ was formally proclaimed by Constantine, and was confirmed by St. Augustine, who saw in him an unconscious prophet of the faith. This was the easier of acceptance by the Church because long before this Virgil had been invested with sanctity in the heart and imagination of the best people. In fact by some he was called a Christian without Christ; and on grounds not wholly unsubstantial, for, as Gaston Boissier wrote, "Virgile fut en effet une des âmes les plus chrétiennes du paganisme. Quoique attaché de tout son coeur à l'ancienne religion, il a semblé quelquefois pressentir la nouvelle, et un Chrétien pieux pourrait croire qu'il ne lui manqua pour l'embrasser que de la connaître."[2]

It was the Christian spirit of Virgil, not the supposed prophecy of the Christian Saviour in the fourth Eclogue, that underlay Dante's conception of him. He was Dante's guide in all regions beneath the celestial, through the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio*, until Beatrice appeared. But,

> No sooner on my vision streaming, smote
> The heavenly influence, which, years past, and e'en
> In childhood, thrilled me, than towards Virgil I
> Turned me to leftward, panting, like a babe,
> That flees for refuge to his mother's breast,
> If aught have terrified or worked him woe:
> And would have cried: "There is no dram of blood,
> That doth not quiver in me. The old flame
> Throws out clear tokens of reviving fire;"
> But Virgil had bereav'd us of himself,

[2]Quoted by W. Y. Sellar.

> Virgil, my best lov'd father; Virgil, he
> To whom I gave me up for safety: nor,
> All, our prime mother lost, avail'd to save
> My undew'd cheeks from blur of soiling tears.[3]

To quote Vossler, one of the recent interpreters of the *Divina Commedia*:

> Dante approached Virgil with boundless love, studied him, learned his *Aeneid* by heart, came to know the soul of the poet and of the poem, assimilated them—and surpassed them. In the *Purgatorio*, III, Virgil's inadequacy becomes evident for the first time. In the *Inferno* he had a ready answer for every question: in the kingdom of grace his knowledge becomes fragmentary, and his hesitant voice betrays the consciousness of failing powers; in his tone we hear at times a hopeless wistfulness. . . . The pupil's thirst for knowledge begins to outrun the Master's wisdom. The bond between them is gently loosening.

The sentiment of an era is heard in the special office for St. Paul's day at Mantua, in the stanzas quoted at the opening of this paper. Virgil, the greatest poet-prophet of the Gentiles, supreme in mundane wisdom and beauty of soul, has fallen short of the highest blessing because he died before the Light of the world had come. Had he lived until the Apostle to the Gentiles had reached Rome, assuredly he would have listened to him gladly.

We, however, are not so confident as the medieval missalist that the two men, had they met, would have been drawn instinctively to each other. Though both were deeply religious, their experiences and temperaments were widely diverse. Virgil, Italian and Roman, a man of the country, melancholy and refined, a supreme artist, was moved by deep religious conviction as to the worth for humanity of the Empire: St. Paul, a Jew to the core, willing to die if so be he could have saved his race, a man

[3] *Purg.* XXX, 40-53, Cary.

of cities, aggressive, ecstatically confident, believed with all his soul that his Gospel was the only hope for the whole world lying under wrath. Though he used the language of the higher *Koiné*, and with it appropriated many current moral and intellectual ideas of the non-Jewish environment, his Hellenism did not go deep. He was impatient with Apollos for favouring those in Corinth who were reluctant to renounce entirely the wisdom of the world, and he found Athens unresponsive. But Virgil was sympathetic towards the commingled Mediterranean culture. The two men might have jarred upon each other, as did Luther and Sir Thomas More.

Our interest, however, lies not in the reverie as to the poet's future which was the substance of the dream of the fifteenth-century Mass. A much more real question for us is whether St. Paul would have taken a sympathetic view of the best in Roman civilization, had he been able to understand the poetry of Virgil. It is, perhaps, not fanciful to find in Philippi the focal point where he began to realize the finer side of Roman civilization. He arrived in that city about the year 50 A.D., and founded there the first church on European soil. Philippi had been made a Roman colony by Augustus, its citizens received the *ius italicum*, and it ranked as the "first" city of Macedonia. St. Paul made two, or possibly three, visits to that church. There he had entered more fully than before into the sphere of Roman influence, and there Rome may have risen on his view in her majesty as the mistress of the present world, at the very time that Jerusalem, the capital of his own race, was renouncing her divine opportunity through the rejection of the Gospel. It is not beyond the reasonable bounds of imagination that in some Philippian family, among the best loved of all his converts, he may have discovered a schoolboy

struggling over Virgil. What could the prophecy of the fourth Eclogue mean? the puzzled reader would ask; could he as a Christian cherish the imperial hope which he was taught at school in the *Aeneid?* As his boy-disciple questioned him, the wonder of the Apostle may have been awakened whether there was in the Eclogue an unconscious prophecy of the Messiah and whether even the Gentiles were bearing witness to the Saviour whom he was proclaiming.

He would, as he read, be stirred into pensive sympathy by many a line in the poems. In the *Georgics* there was the story of the hardships of the husbandman whose life was one long labour, its fruits threatened by blight and storm, while sickness and poverty were his companions to the end:

> sic omnia fatis
> in peius ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri;
> non aliter, quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
> remigiis subigit, si bracchia forte remisit,
> atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni.[4]

(So it is fated that all things run to the worse and fall dropping backwards; even as one who with strain of oarage urges a skiff up stream, if once he slackens his arms, the prone river current sweeps him headlong down.) Often in the *Aeneid* he might have been moved to tears, a not infrequent case with St. Paul, when "mortal estate touched his soul," as, for example, in the cry of the mother of Euryalus over her son's body:

> aut tu, magne Pater divom, miserere, tuoque
> invisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara telo,
> quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere vitam.[5]

(Or do thou mighty Lord of heaven, be merciful, and

[4] I, 199-203. Translation by J. W. Mackail.
[5] IX, 495-7.

with thine own weapon hurl this hateful life to the nether deep, since in nowise else may I break away from this life's cruelty.)[6] It would not be at the fate of Virgil himself that St. Paul might have dropped a tear, but at that of the suffering world which had not received the promise of salvation out of its sorrow. In the greatest of his epistles, that to the church of Rome, he wrote: "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," and "the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God." The world of Virgil's poetry was still waiting to "be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."[7] It would be expecting too objective a mind in St. Paul, and too spacious a sympathy, to imagine that he would have given patient understanding to Virgil's "mystery" regarding the Roman Empire. The *Aeneid* was "a national poem in the full sense; embodying the pageant of Roman history, the portraiture of Roman virtue, the mission and the supremacy of Rome."[8] A divine mystery underlay its progress, and whatever opposed it was resisting the will of Fate. Mr. Bailey observes that Virgil's highest and deepest conviction is his conception of Iuppiter as the Supreme Being who expresses his will in the decrees of Fate. This divine will is guiding the destiny of the Roman Empire which, as it expands, confers the blessings of peace, and thereby of civilization, on all the nations which are brought within its influence.[9]

[6]"The appeal of the stricken mother of Euryalus, 'slay me if you have any *pietas*,' goes to the roots of religious sentiment; her suffering can only be ended by the supreme suffering, and it is the duty of those who love her and have the true religious sense to give her this final relief of sacrifice" (Bailey, *Religion in Virgil*, p. 317).

[7]*Rom.* viii, 22, 19, 21.

[8]*Aeneid*, ed. by J. W. Mackail, p. xxxiii.

[9]*Religion in Virgil*, pp. 233 *ff.*

Though to St. Paul the destiny of the Roman Empire as portrayed in the *Aeneid* would appear an unsubstantial vision, he might have been moved to ask himself whether there was some hope for a day in which peace, piety, justice, and fidelity might reign on earth. Government was a part of the divine order and was to be regarded with respect. He had even come to believe that Rome was a divine agent for the restraint of the Man of Sin.[10] His experience was educating him into a larger hope. The Jews had cast him out, and in every city had persecuted him as the enemy of their religion; Rome had become his protector in his perils from his countrymen and the rabble of the cities of the Aegean. Turning to the Gentile world, he had found his Jewish conceptions too strait for his expanding ideal. He had been brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees. As long as he remained a Pharisee he saw little earthly future for his people: they were a conquered nation; the Herods were usurpers; the Romans were their overlords; the pious Jew was a stranger upon earth; righteousness had ceased to prevail; nothing remained but that a new earth should be brought in by divine fiat; the end of the present age could not be far off. When Saul was converted his whole outlook was transformed, though for the rest of his life fragments of his past mental framework clung to him. He turned anew to the Scriptures to find in them a confirmation that the Christ of his vision was the true Messiah and that His Kingdom was the true Israel. In Isaiah he would read with new understanding that a reign of God on earth was foretold: "A Redeemer shall come to Zion. . . . Nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising; . . . the abundance of the sea shall be turned unto thee, the wealth of the

[10] 2 *Thess.* ii, 6; *cf. Rom.* xiii, 1-7.

nations shall come unto thee." The prophetic mind transformed his Pharisaic attitude, all the more rapidly as the earthly Jerusalem obstinately hardened itself against the Gospel. In the vision of the Risen Christ a new hope for the world was born. But all that was involved in that hope was only gradually unfolded before him. As the magnitude of the Roman Empire and the vision of conquering it by his Gospel grew upon him, the end of the world began to recede, and perhaps the prophetic hope of Isaiah shaped itself in some concreteness in his thought. Certainly the *Epistle to the Romans*, except the few verses of xiii, 11-14, implies a longer period of world history than is assumed in the *Epistles to the Thessalonians* or even those *to the Corinthians*. But the imminence of a great cosmic transformation never completely disappeared, and in his latest epistle, that *to the Philippians*, he writes: "Our citizenship is in heaven; from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . The Lord is at hand."[11] The Apostle may have come to believe that it would be a far greater triumph for his Gospel to win the saving remnant within the Roman Empire, than that through its rejection the world should shortly dissolve and all that was in it should perish; but he would, at the most, only have grown meditative as he became sensible of Virgil's awe at the sublimity of imperial Rome. He had himself a far more compelling "mystery," which had come to him by special revelation as an eternal divine Secret, now announced, that through his Gospel the whole world should find its salvation in the Church of Christ. It was a "mystery of Christ which in other generations was not made known unto the sons of men, as it hath now been revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets in the Spirit, that the Gentiles are fellow-heirs and

[11] *Phil.* iii, 20; iv, 5.

fellow-members of the body, and partakers of the promise in Christ Jesus through the Gospel."[12] That the Apostle might have come to estimate more highly the value of the civilization of Rome through such an one as Virgil, is not inconceivable, but his discovery would only have heightened his eagerness that such human excellence—whatsoever things were true, lovely and of good report—should be given the chance to enjoy the unsearchable riches of his Gospel and be incorporated in the greater Mystery of the Kingdom of Christ.

The religious experience of Virgil and that of St. Paul are marked by two very different controlling words, *pietas*, "loyalty," and *pistis*, "faith;" the former is almost a keynote of the *Aeneid*, the latter of St. Paul's Epistles. Professor Warde Fowler says that "*pietas* is Virgil's word for religion." Mr. Bailey remarks:

> On its formal side it implied the due performance of the rites and ceremonies required by the worship of the gods; ... but it implies not only right action but also a right relation of man to god; it has a moral and even spiritual implication as well as a formal content.... It is part of *pietas* to the gods to be in the right relation and to act aright towards the members of your own family and towards your State; *pietas* on its human side, which nevertheless has always the divine sanction behind it, is paternal and filial affection at home and loyalty or patriotism in public life.[13]

The word thus covers man's whole duty to the gods, to the nation, to his family, and to his fellows. The *pius* will not only observe the outward forms of worship and the religious proprieties, but will in his heart seek to know and obey the divine will in all reverence. In return for the fulfilment of such service, "the gods themselves may show *pietas* or divine pity to men in trouble who might appeal to them for it."

[12] *Eph.* iii, 4-6.
[13] *Religion in Virgil*, p. 80.

In Greek, the nearest, and a very close, approximation to *pietas* is *eusebeia*. This word occurs often in Hellenistic inscriptions: it denotes reverence for the will of God, and is frequently associated with *areté*, "virtue," *dikaiosyne*, "justice," and *kalokagathia*, "goodness," as being conduct well-pleasing to God; it is also used of loyalty to the emperor. The word is found but rarely in the New Testament, and never in the ten Epistles of St. Paul which are generally accepted as coming directly from him. Its absence is noteworthy. But *eusebeia* and its associated forms appear in the Pastoral Epistles, and with remarkable frequency in *First Timothy*; this fact is one of the phenomena which have to be taken into account in the consideration of the authorship of this group of epistles. The fundamental Pauline word for the religious relation of man to God is *pistis*, "faith." It is an act of the whole person; of his mind, affection, and will. For St. Paul the Hebrew idea of faith was deepened, indeed transformed, by his religious experience of the vision of Christ on the way to Damascus. Christ became to him the complete manifestation of God, and His Person the embodiment of the divine Spirit. His former intense but exclusive Jewish faith in God melted away in his passionate love to Christ, and through Him to the Father, whose mercy had been an act of transcendent kindness to himself and to the human race lost in sin. No more powerful emotion can be conceived than the Pauline faith: "I no longer live, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself up for me."[14] St. Paul's faith was a response to, and indeed a creation of, an overpowering vision; Virgil's *pietas*, a "ready obedience

[14]*Gal.* ii, 19, 20.

to the will of heaven," a gentle though firm loyalty to the dictates of the divine purpose.

It is improbable that the fervid Apostle would have given more than a passing thought to Virgil's story of how the Rome to which he yielded his reverent obedience, had come to be. In Athens and in Corinth he reacted against the wisdom of the world; the majesty of Rome did indeed make an appeal to him, but the issues of eternal life were for him so pre-eminent that even the finest cultural values of the passing scene seem to have engaged only a slight interest. He was no humanist; he was not even a moralist like Epictetus; the moral life, in his view, was not to be realized in an earthly city of God, but was to issue as a new creation from an indwelling Spirit, the manifestation of which in the hearts of men on earth was only an earnest of the glory that awaiteth the sons of God.

In later centuries the culture of Hellenism felt that in St. Paul it had met an incompatible antagonist. Porphyry, who died in 304 A.D., when the new faith was far on in its triumphant career, led the most penetrating attack delivered by the intellectuals on Christianity, and, Hellenist that he was, against no one had he such antipathy as against St. Paul. In this, Porphyry not only represented a large element in the world of his own day, but has typified very many in succeeding centuries until our own times.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that in the first century the new faith won some victories among the cultured classes, even though about the middle of that period St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians that "not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." Before the end of the first century there seem to have been converts among members of the

imperial court at Rome. As the decades passed, philosophers and scholars here and there, such as Justin Martyr, Origen, and Cyprian, brought their gifts of learning and dedicated them to their newly found Lord.

The desire to claim Virgil as one of those who, not having received the promises, greeted them from afar, was not an isolated attempt at posthumous proselytizing. Seneca, also, was spoken of by Tertullian, the earliest of the Latin Fathers, writing about a century and a half after his death, as "often our own;" and from the time of St. Jerome he "was commonly regarded as standing on the very threshold of the Christian Church, even if he had not actually passed within its portals." A correspondence between St. Paul and Seneca, forged, probably in the fourth century, for the purpose of commending his Gospel to the philosophic world, while not openly accepted by St. Jerome and St. Augustine as genuine, was not rejected by them as spurious. The letters became very popular in the Middle Ages and continued in favour until the Revival of Learning.[15]

Christianity was not able to throw its spell over the culture of the Western world until it had been absorbed by leading minds, who through training and instinct understood that civilization from within. St. Paul could only look upon it from without. The process by which the new faith came to appreciate the worth of the best gifts of civilization was slow. Puritanism was from the beginning an essential element in Christianity, and while it has produced, and will continue to produce, culture of the finest quality and a noble humanism, it has always approached non-Christian civilizations with reserve. In the fourth century the opinion of the Western Church began to become more tolerant of pagan culture. St.

[15]See Lightfoot's dissertation at end of *The Epistle to the Philippians.*

Jerome was the most brilliant pupil of the Roman schools under Donatus, and he was followed by St. Augustine of Hippo, whose *Confessions* show how powerfully he was drawn towards Roman literature. These men led the Church into adopting a new attitude to the now only half-alien culture, a culture, however, which never consciously offered its treasures to its rival, still held in disdain in the very process of supplanting itself. Virgil began to fascinate the educated Christian mind: "Tully and Maro are the most dangerous rivals of the Hebrew Scriptures in the studies of St. Jerome," and there is hardly any other author to whom St. Augustine refers so frequently in the *City of God* as he does to Virgil.[16] This charm of Virgil continued until it captured the greatest Christian poet, Dante himself, and became his inspiration throughout his terrestrial vision. But St. Paul was not a Roman by culture, nor was he, except in a few moments of exaltation, a poet.

[16]Sir Samuel Dill, *Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire*, London, 1899, pp. 420 *ff.*

MACHIAVELLI AND FASCISM

HERBERT L. STEWART

THE purpose of this article is to discuss an alleged intimacy of connection between the doctrines of Fascism and Machiavelli's theory of the state. Nothing could be easier than to point out numerous resemblances in detail, and the devotion many times avowed by Mussolini to his Machiavellian inheritance may be quoted as dispensing the investigator from further trouble. But superficial resemblances are often limited to the surface, and no one is likely to accept Mussolini's self-analysis as closing the question, in view of the many examples of men great in action but confused in theory. The Fascist dictator has recorded his belief that *The Prince* is the supreme guide to statesmanship, avowing his desire to preserve close contact between its doctrine and his own life: "between Machiavelli's thoughts and my thoughts on men and affairs, between Machiavelli's practice and my practice in governing." The question is as to the success with which that purpose has been pursued.

I

Not much time need be spent on the obvious coincidences: *e.g.*, the insistence again heard that a statesman must be unscrupulous, setting the public advantage above every other object, and willing for any deceit or any cruelty by which this may be promoted. One hears in many a speech from the Duce, and one notes in many of his conversations reported by Emil Ludwig, the familiar Machiavellian thought about the need for remorseless cunning not only in transactions abroad but in administration at home, about the maintenance of the despot-

ism as justifying every measure of severity or guile that will ensure it, and about the eternal law of human nature, that men will always be false to their chief unless compelled to be true. But it is not in such mere reproductions that the important common element is to be found. Machiavelli's own philosophic interest does not lie in his scorn for scruple, his argument that selfishness is the sole efficacious motive, or his suggestion that crimes are freed from shame if they are carried out on a gigantic scale. These are doctrines as old as Plato's Thrasymachus, as recent as Friedrich Nietzsche.

But what was it that made Machiavelli notable in the progress of thought, and how far does Fascism share or continue his specific achievement? Surely what distinguished him was his initiation of a vast change in the study of social and political history, a change which in that field marks the close of the middle age and the beginning of the modern world. Bacon said of him that his great merit was to have turned attention from speculating about how things ought to be, and concentrated it on how things are. He broke away from the medieval teleology, from the governing ideas about divine mission or supernatural equipment for the state, and began to study the state as the natural outcome of warring interests, specifying its different types, examining the respective consequences of aristocracy, democracy, oligarchy, as a comparative morphologist might examine animal forms. His diatribes against the temporal power of the Papacy, his constant insistence that church and state must be kept apart, except in so far as the astute ruler will use religion for his secular purposes, made his books and his memory the object of detestation. But his method, apart from his conclusions, constituted a great step forward. Machiavelli's study of the causes of Florentine and Italian

decadence, as well as his forecast of methods of recovery, have on the whole stood the test of the most searching criticism. Such are the qualities of his work which come to mind when one is challenged to say how far a contemporary movement reveals his spirit. He was a typical product of the Renaissance, not so much creating as reviving, under the motto "Back to the ancients—forgetting the medieval parenthesis." It has often been noted among products of the Revival of Learning that civil law was re-established, and that canon law proportionately receded. Not less conspicuous was the re-founding of moral and political philosophy. As one closes Dante's *De Monarchia* and opens Machiavelli's *History of Florence*, one realizes what Comte meant by passing from the theological to the post-theological way of explaining the world's phenomena.

I said the "post-theological," not the "scientific." It is the thesis of this article that Machiavelli shows strange persisting entanglement with thought on social affairs that Comte would have judged too clear for the theologian, yet too confused for the scientist—the sort of dim half-lit thinking for which Comte reserved the epithet "metaphysical." A like compromise will be found in Fascism, though less as set forth by Mussolini than as worked into a theory by certain of his intellectual associates. It appears in Machiavelli's amazing combination of the boldest inductive methods in historical study with a half-mystical view of the ultimate authority of the state. Much the same blend of mysticism with realism may be seen in the manifestos of Signor Rocco, the Italian Minister of Justice, and with less subtle but still unmistakable identity in speeches by Hitler. It is in Fascism, whether of Black Shirts or of Brown, that we meet again that

strange Machiavellian temper of adoration for the state blended with contempt for nearly everything else.

II

This mystical note is the significant thing that has been most frequently missed by interpreters of the *Discorsi*. Yet there was much to suggest that one should look for it. The Florentine secretary had certain amazing superstitions. Among those who extol him as not merely in advance of his own time, but as anticipating the cold, clear historical analysis of the best later time, someone will perhaps explain to us what he meant by his belief in "spirits of the air." To that astrologically-minded generation the statement would be plain enough, and it was so little after Machiavelli's habit to accommodate his language to popular superstitions he did not share that we must suppose him in some real sense to have meant what he said. There were few, indeed, who at that time doubted the significance of the stars for human destiny, and he does not appear to have been one of them. When we have mentioned Pico della Mirandola and—strangely enough—Savonarola, we have difficulty in thinking of another among his contemporaries who reproduced the wholesome satire on astrologers that Petrarch had begun in the previous century. What, exactly, Leonardo da Vinci thought about it, he did not confide even to his *Note-Books*. But we know that the first president of the Platonic Academy at Florence believed a man's health to depend on the state of the constellations at his birth, studied the heavens for indication of medical treatment, recommended the compounding of pills at the moment of conjunction between Jupiter and Venus, blamed his own fits of melancholy upon Saturn, and changed each day his protective amulets.* Epidemics were supposed to illus-

*Cf. Ficino, *De Vita Caelitus Comparenda*.

trate this astral influence on a large scale, every town having its own sign and planet. Mathematicians who remember how much they owe to Jerome Cardan will perhaps learn with amazement that he not only believed in dreams as a supernatural warning, but also laboured intently at the astrological sources of prediction, and regarded 8 a.m. on the first of April as the most propitious time for importuning the Blessed Virgin. Almost every state had its official astrologer, whose advice was required touching all critical decisions in foreign policy. It is a matter of official record that the Popes, even the most free-thinking among them, were star-gazers, that Julius II had astrologers fix for him the date most auspicious for an undertaking, that Paul III sought their advice about the best hour for a Consistory, and that Leo X took special credit for his pontificate because during it astrology had been advanced to so flourishing a state.

Among the stranger products of that period, curiously fertile both in science and in superstition, was the doctrine known as "twofold truth." Its import was that a belief intellectually impossible might be an obligation of faith. Here was a serviceable device of security in an intolerant age, but Machiavelli was not interested in that aspect of it. He was no friend to accommodating policies, no mediator, like Guicciardini, between pulpit and lecture-room. It is notorious, however, that a habit of thought may be illustrated even by those who contemptuously repudiate it, none the less potent although (in psycho-analytic idiom) it has undergone sublimation. A myth, as Renan acutely observed, will sometimes work all the more powerfully in one form because it has been abjured in another. In Machiavelli's case an interest quite remote from that of theologians was to be served by much the same trick of mental manipulation.

Whence came his amazing sophistry about a contrast between private and public morals? Whence the calmness with which the paradox is affirmed in *Il Principe*, and profusely exemplified in *Discorsi* and *Istorie fiorentine*, that to cheat and rob and murder, however disgraceful in an individual as such, is often the bounden duty of a prince? Various efforts to explain this away by diluting it into a harmless truism must be rejected. It is often said that Machiavelli was "facing facts," and that he made a courageous disclosure of what all men secretly believed. Did he then produce an epoch-making book to impart only the news that public opinion is indulgent towards patriotic cruelties and to perfidies by which a ruler seeks not his own but the national advantage? Such a point seems rather commonplace, nor would one guess from other literature of the Renaissance that the writer's contemporaries were either slow to observe it or reticent in setting it forth. Equally trite would be the reflection that the same man has often to act in different capacities, with a conflict of obligations arising from each. No doubt a gaol-warden, who must be officially stern towards prisoners, would often consult his own sense of justice by facilitating rather than preventing an escape, and often the manager of a mortgage corporation has his compassionate spirit tried by the necessity of foreclosing in the interest of the shareholders. These are situations in which the personality of the agent is obliterated, and he has as little responsibility for what he does as a conscript soldier for the cause in which he is fighting. Whether one should refuse on that account to be a soldier, a gaol-warden, a mortgage-corporation manager, is another enquiry, in which Leo Tolstoy has put many a puzzle which it is easier to ignore than to solve. But short of dissolving the social system altogether, we must recognize the vary-

ing and at times conflicting duties of different offices held by the same individual. That again is too obvious a consideration to be accepted as even a hint of the meaning of *Il Principe*.

When these methods of explaining Machiavelli's position by explaining it away have all alike proved incredible, it remains to suggest that his doctrine was one of sheer ethical scepticism. Can he have intended a contemptuous dismissal of all conceptions of "duty" as alike efforts to find objective import in what is *vox et praeterea nihil*? Why not regard the whole picture as meant to expose the illusion of "conscience"? Anatole France once complimented him on having "taken away from law its legendary foundation in justice." But no one recalling the passionate patriotic eloquence of certain passages both in *Il Principe* and in *Discorsi* can regard the writer as a mere cynic. It is the ardent belief in a cause so great as to be worth the sacrifice even of human integrity that inspires the whole Machiavellian appeal.

Not the least suggestive of his points of resemblance to Mussolini is his passionate desire to inspire contemporary Italians with the tradition of the classical architects of the state. Their achievement was his constant study.

Like Nietzsche, he thought that the debt of the modern world was not to the ancient philosophers, but to the ancient historians. Plato, said Nietzsche in a scornful passage, was *praeexistent christlich*. Machiavelli, whose favourite inspiration was in Polybius, used to observe with scorn the doings of the Florentine Academy, especially its annual crowning of the bust of Plato with garlands, a performance he thought as foolish as the devout ritual of Savonarola's *piagnoni*. He looked on the two organizations as essentially similar, turning away from both, as young Goethe on his visit to Assisi turned

in disgust from the memorial church of St. Francis to visit the shrine of Minerva. But he thought the ancient historians as full of power as the ancient philosophers were decadent. How comes it, he once asked, that those who are willing to pay a great price for the fragment of an old statue, which may serve their sculptors as a model, show so little interest in the pattern set them by the classical world for the building of states? His own most important, though not his best known work, the *Discorsi*, is a treatise on the first decade of Livy.

Nowhere in his writings is there any attempt to vindicate sovereignty, any trace of the considerations so familiar elsewhere—about what the state can do to increase general happiness, about its furtherance of the highest kind of life, about its fulfilment of the needs of a self whose nature demands other selves. To reasoning of this character, to an apologetic so humiliating in defence of the divine state, he would never condescend; nor, one notices, will Mussolini. For Machiavelli, faith in Italy was what Carlyle thought faith in God, a thing neither to be argued out of a man nor to be argued into him. Hence the calm assumption that what sustains a prince's power needs no apology. But what is more startling than even this assumption is the obvious readiness of his contemporaries to grant it. Not for at least half a century was a voice raised in serious protest against the doctrines of *Il Principe*. As editions of the book were multiplied, it became the constant study of such men as Charles V, Henry of Navarre, Pope Sixtus V, and Cardinal Richelieu, not one of whom seems to have said a word in moral dissent. One is forced, then, to suppose that this advocacy of dishonesties and barbarities, about which a later age could not even read with patience, must have been silently supported in the thought of its sixteenth-century audience

by a conception of the state to which the later age was a stranger.

The case is strictly parallel to those Old Testament "atrocities" so summarily condemned by the moral feelings of our time, but vindicated with such facile dialectic by our predecessors, who approached the enquiry under presuppositions so different from ours. How else shall we understand the mind of a writer and the mood of readers for whom it is possible to contend that a prince cannot and should not keep his word either to his own subjects or to foreign powers "except when he can do so without injury to himself;" that he ought to make the art of war his sole study and occupation; that it is not only justifiable but obligatory for him to simulate qualities he does not possess, and to profess opinions he really holds in contempt, if by such means he can strengthen his hold; and, finally, that the shining patterns of wisdom in government had been those three contemporary masters of judicious cruelty and skilful deceit, Pope Alexander VI, Caesar Borgia, and Ferdinand V?

This parallel is made all the more precise when one notices that within the limits of his assumption, Machiavelli's reasoning is extremely acute, thus reminding us again of a typical foible in the older theologians. A mystical view of the purpose of the whole may well be united with a searching analysis into parts and with the keenest criticism of means. Not very many years after Machiavelli wrote *The Prince*, John Calvin was at work on *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, a book very different, but in this respect very similar. Set them in succession beside Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, that their resemblance of spirit may appear. It was thus a sure instinct which guided the Fascists of our time to return across the intervening centuries to the true founder of their way of thinking, and

to take the risk of shocking, by a gesture of homage to Machiavelli, that Catholic world which the *Lateran Treaty* was meant to appease. The ghost of the Florentine secretary must have been no less gratified by the diplomatic success which followed his method than by the formal tribute which was paid to his name.

A like mystical doctrine of the state belongs to Fascism, with all the well-known mystical characteristics: refusal to argue, rapturous reassertion, scorn for those who disagree as persons of low spiritual level, savage cruelty to opponents as a virtue where the end not only justifies but demands every conceivable means—in short, a complete suspension of humane principles in fanatic zeal for a cause.

Fascist publicists all repudiate such proposed explanations or justifications of the state as would compromise its supreme intrinsic value, such as would make it merely instrumental, a contrivance rather than an end in itself. Arguments to vindicate it are, for this school, only a shade less objectionable than arguments to disparage it. Protestant reformers such as Luther, English liberal thinkers such as Locke, speculative theorists of Revolutionary France such as Rousseau, are alike anathema, not because they failed to extol the state, but because of the reasons they gave: Rousseau talking of a social contract which must obviously run the risk of contractual annulment or change; Locke dwelling on government by consent of the governed, or—still worse—of a numerical majority of them, whose views might plainly fluctuate; Luther relying on a private judgment which chanced to guide him aright, but whose senseless individualism might just as easily guide another wrong. *Non tali auxilio.* Not with such insolence of approval, little better than insolence of attack, was the state to be approached. That honour rooted in dishonour stood. It all sounds like the ever-recurring

protest of some devout people against even a rational defence of the Christian religion, like the outcry of St. Bernard against Abelard, or of the Princeton Fundamentalists against the enterprise whose very title offends them—*Christian Apologetic*.

Among sources from which the evidence for this judgment has been collected are Mussolini's article entitled "Fascism," which appeared in the *Enciclopedia Italiana* in 1932, and the address on "The Political Doctrine of Fascism" delivered in 1926 at Perugia by Alfredo Rocco, and declared by Mussolini to be correct on every point. My description of this plea as one for a state mysticism, not unlike certain religious mysticisms, in which the obligations of common humanity are forbidden not merely to control conduct but even to venture a word of protest, is justified by the argument of these two papers.

Signor Rocco explains that Fascism has been a reawakening of the racial instinct of the Italian people, and he acknowledges that like many another instinct this one means primarily sentiment and action; only later does it give an account of itself in thought. It may well turn out, he admits, that the anti-Fascists, being better trained in parliamentary and journalistic manœuvres, will surpass the Black Shirts in forensic discussion. But though they may commit errors of detail, something sustains in fundamentals the men of the true faith, a faith they are often at a loss to expound, though not at a loss to act upon it. A parallel passage from Mussolini's article throws light on this. He writes:

> The years which preceded the march to Rome were years of great difficulty, during which the necessity for action did not permit of research or any complete elaboration of doctrine. The battle had to be fought in the towns and villages. There was much discussion, but—what was more important and more sacred—men

died. They knew how to die. Doctrine, beautifully defined and carefully elucidated, with headlines and paragraphs, might be lacking; but there was to take its place something more decisive—Faith.

The object of this faith is no further defined than by the assurance that it was Italy, the state, the Italian race. Here is no condescension to the demand that the value of such projects should be made clear: other values are derived from them, their own value is in themselves, and the perception of this is intuitive. One remembers how Mussolini in his newspaper urged Italian intervention in the Great War, not for a moment on any ground of international justice, but solely because a chance was here for Italy's national advancement. A statute of the Fascist Grand Council declares that the purpose of the organization is "to achieve the greatness of the Italian people."

Signor Rocco realizes very clearly that this will sound to the so-called "liberal" thinkers of Europe like the reproclaiming of a long-extinct superstition, a fetichism whose deity is no longer the king, but the state. He boldly challenges the whole ideology of these liberal thinkers, recognizing—as Mussolini likes to put it—that the Fascist battle is against a certain condition of mind, and setting forth (as he thinks, successfully) how that condition arose. Of things we value, Aristotle said, some are good because they serve as a means to something else, but ultimately something must be of value for its own sake; as an end, not merely as an instrument. This idea of a *summum bonum* is a commonplace of moral philosophy. But what Rocco finds characteristic of liberal thinkers is the degrading assumption that this *summum bonum* is just the maximum of *ease* and *comfort*, or (as they sometimes do not hesitate to put it) of *pleasure*, for mankind. So far have they drifted on this downward way that some of them even regard this doctrine as an axiom, as requiring

only to be understood in order that it may be accepted. For Fascists, on the contrary, it needs only to be understood that it may be abjured. It cannot be disproved; but by men of genuine nobility of character it can and will be disbelieved. Fascists hold about their gospel what St. Paul held about his, that if it be hid, it is hid from them that are lost.

It is a gospel, Mussolini tells us, of holiness and heroism, the sworn enemy of that libel upon human nature known in Marxist dialectic as *the materialistic conception of history*, the sworn ally not of a principle of greatest happiness but of a principle of greatest nobleness. To Fascist thinking it is manifest that the nobility, as contrasted with the mere ease and comfort, of the race will be served by the acknowledgement that men are born not equal but unequal, that the inequalities of natural endowment can be neither removed nor compensated by any contrivance of art, that they are the pre-condition of progress, and that the ultimate method of progress will always be war. Such being the Fascist orthodoxy, assured—like other orthodoxies—not by reasoning, but through an inner light upon which the faithful can always depend, what then are the more dangerous heresies? They are all doctrines of majority rule, of democracy, of Socialism, of Liberalism, especially as exemplified in the creed of Freemasons. For what these all alike assert is that the state is merely an instrument to increase the sum-total of individual happiness: as Signor Rocco puts it, they rest upon an atomistic doctrine of society, making its purpose that of attaining the greatest possible hedonistic surplus when the comforts and discomforts of all the individuals have been worked into an aggregate. Such was the supreme heresy bequeathed to future generations by Revolutionary France, and upon it the ideology of all the

so-called progressive states rested for a century and a half, until it met the challenge of Fascism.

From this atomistic doctrine of the state there develops, according to the Fascist, the deplorable inference that state powers should be reduced to a minimum. Conceived as a regrettable necessity, a sort of least among evils, the state is restricted in action to the lowest degree that will serve its purpose. Hence the whole plan known as "division of powers," the apparatus of checks and balances, by which the state has been rendered so inefficient. After a century and a half, during which the ideologies of the French and American Revolutions had thus kept it in the futile helplessness known as *laissez-faire*, at length in country after country a dictatorship has been adopted as means of escape, while in countries which have not yet a dictatorship the democratic principle still in their constitution is dexterously nullified in practice. Who can fail to see that in Great Britain and France and the United States it is a small *élite* which governs? Not even the prevalent suspicion of the state, and the desire to limit its range of interference, has been able to stop these countries from such recognition of natural human inequality. It is this inconsistency alone that has so far saved them from disaster. The logical upshot of the theory they profess would be chaos. What is called Liberalism thus turns out to be the admission of an essentially Fascist element, under various pretences and disguises to explain it away.

Signor Rocco bids his readers draw the manifest conclusion. Why not think out and avow boldly the principle which has thus been the public salvation in practice? Has there not been enough and more than enough of the effort to preserve a doctrine biologically ridiculous by taking care to disregard it in times of obvious crisis?

III

Such are the main contentions of Fascist theory about the state. Let us notice how they illustrate what I have said about mysticism—that the mystic will often show remarkable powers of argument within the limits, and subject to the needs, of the irrational assumption with which he begins. If we grant to Machiavelli, to Mussolini, to Hitler, to Rocco, the preposterous doctrine of state sanctity for which they will not deign even to argue, but to which, reiterated with various flowers of rhetoric, they demand unquestioning assent, then the rest follows with a clear articulation like that of Calvin's *Institutes* or the *Decrees of Trent.*

There is a further point of resemblance. It is a mark of mystical faiths, professing themselves superior to argument, that they countenance types of conduct which reason would forbid if it had not been silenced in advance. The extravagances of old religious mysticism in practice make melancholy reading. But we are threatened with something much worse by the new mysticism in Italian politics. Under the guidance of mere rationalists at Geneva we were struggling with plans for disarmament, for collective security, for the guarantee of international good faith, and for the abolition of war. What the prophet of Fascism announces, in hierophantic rapture, is that this whole enterprise is mistaken, not merely in the ineffectiveness of its method, but in the unworthiness of its purpose. War, Mussolini tells us, is a splendid thing, not merely as a regrettable necessity on certain occasions, but in itself: a stimulant to the higher life, which we must use so long as the race endures. Every true Fascist,

says the Duce's article in the *Enciclopedia Italiana*, must believe that. And with that he must believe that all the international associations to suppress war are not only futile, but evil. They rest on the absurd conception that rights should be equal among countries and among individuals, a conception abandoned by all Fascists in favour of the opposite belief in the inevitable and altogether wholesome inequality of mankind.

To the request that some reason should be given for these remarkable contentions, Fascism answers with a contemptuous refusal to discuss if the request is made by a foreigner. A native who presumes to press it will find himself under guard in Lipari Island: with him Fascism, like Nature, does not wait to argue, but answers with a blow. Among those by whom the system is applauded one can find not a few who in the ordinary relations of life are kind and humane. Is not belief in "twofold truth" an apt description of their state of mind? Machiavelli, one remembers, had an excellent repute in his personal relationships.

It is needless to dwell upon the spectacle of this Fascist theory in action. A term current in Rome is suggestive here: Signor Rocco is in the habit of referring to "rival ideologies." What we knew of the process by which anti-Fascism was silenced at home became further illustrated at Corfu, on Lipari Island, and most recently in Abyssinia. The ideological conflict shown in the speeches by Aloisi on the one side and Anthony Eden on the other is indeed an ultimate conflict, not to be adjusted or conciliated by any further conferring.

THE THEME-SONG OF AMERICAN CRITICISM

CLARENCE GOHDES

WHEN the echoes of the Revolutionary War were beginning to be lost amid the noise of ship-building, the groans of waggon-wheels crossing the Appalachians, and the oratorical clamours of the politicians whose theories were to shape the national destiny, a very significant literary movement in America was the hurried manufacture of epics to extol the merits of the new nation and to prophesy the triumph of democratic principles. That these hasty and imitative performances should have failed to satisfy the critics of the day—so far as there were any—goes without saying, for it was not long before American literary men were echoing the query uttered with such vicious force by Sydney Smith: "Who reads an American book?" A reader of the magazines published in the United States during the thirties and forties is struck by the repeated inquiries of critics as to the existence of solid American works and the reasons for their absence. One of Emerson's best known, but weakest, performances, his Harvard Phi Beta Kappa oration, is an example of the partial treatment of a topic already well-worn by 1837, "What is wrong with American creative genius?"

The same subject came to occupy a prominent place in American criticism during the dismaying intellectual lull which followed the Civil War, when the energies of the country seemed completely absorbed by the new industrialism, which made *ante-bellum* days appear romantically naïve in the eyes of a nation approaching economic self-sufficiency. Even after the good old writers like Longfellow, Whittier, and Hawthorne had become hirsute

portraits for public walls and their works had been established as "classics" for the school-room, the theme-song was still sung by the critics. Walt Whitman was a "human interest" case who somehow had attracted attention in England, presumably as a misrepresentative of American crudeness; Howells, with his love of the "foolish and insipid face" of "poor Real Life," was too Boston-plated; and the younger men somehow failed to arrive. If they once wrote a fairly successful work, they followed the way of all American flesh and merely made money.

Later, when the "debunkers" were in power and the 1920's attempted to show that America had come of age, the same tune was sung. One curious about the antiquities of the period will do well to look at *Civilization in the United States*, edited by Harold Stearns in 1922, and containing blasting essays, calculated to deflate the national ego, by John Macy, Conrad Aiken, H. L. Mencken, and others. The examples, the *corpora vilia*, changed from year to year, but not the theme. The general topic of American criticism was still the same one which the Transcendentalists had discussed in 1836 at the first meeting of their club: "American genius—the causes which hinder its growth, giving us no first-rate productions."

With such historic background I may perhaps be forgiven for playing my own variations on the theme-song—variations which are obvious enough, but like all obvious facts, occasionally lost in the discord of the "controlled madness" which Mr. Santayana describes as human thought. One of the chief reasons assigned by the critics for the weakness of the American literary tradition is foreign influence. They have sung out in a wailful choir: "Warum ist es am Rhein so schön, and not

on the banks of the Wabash?" Aping British models in particular, American writers have seemed merely imitative, their products "genteel" and effeminate. So goes the story. That there is a certain amount of truth in the criticism is readily seen, yet the whole truth is by no means stated. Indeed, in subjects of such broad scope, with thousands of personalities involved, there can be no complete statement of opinion, let alone truth. But from one angle at least the matter of foreign influence upon American genius appears inept as an explanation of literary barrenness. Particularly is this true when it is remembered that in certain periods of extraordinary fruitfulness we commonly regard foreign influence as a quickening force of the most advantageous kind. Moreover, with the cosmopolitan nature of the Romantic movement, with which the first *belles-lettres* of the United States is intimately connected, it is obvious that literary nationalism was as impossible in the period of Longfellow and Irving as it is to-day, when translations have kept pace with increased facility in travel and communication to give a solidarity to the cultural ideas of the creative level of mankind wherever they may chance to live. And so the argument that American literature has failed because it was not nationalistic becomes somewhat trifling—in spite of the fremescent protagonists of the theory that the frontier has shaped a certain amount of American writing and given it a distinctive quality which the world shall not willingly let die.

In a general way, it may also be argued that letters in the United States have not thrived because there have been few American writers who have possessed sufficient creative vigour to rise above all impeding circumstances and make their mark at a height unattainable by the less gifted Baviuses. Moreover, it may further be urged that

the democratic idea implies an intellectual and creative pace adjusted to the *adagio* of the "average," which Whitman called "divine," but which in the light of history has too often appeared infernally human. A thousand other arguments may be proposed—even without reference to what foreign critics have said of America and American literature; but for the sake of simplicity and emphasis let me discuss of that thousand only seven.

In the first place—and obviously—a factor militating against the production of high artistic literature in the United States has been the fact that, comparatively speaking, America has lacked a cultural background of its own. On this account, from one point of view, it is fairer to compare the cultural accomplishment of the United States with that of Australia or Canada than to contrast it with that of England, France, and Germany. For the period in American literary history ending with the year 1765 it is trebly true that the colonists looked homeward to England for intellectual direction and stimulation, as well as for political and economic guidance. One needs only to look at the library of the Mathers, or turn the browned pages of the earliest newspapers and magazines, to prove the point. The Revolution indeed directed the eyes of the politicians and economists to the American scene, but the war drove out or ruined financially a large part of the Tory element in the population—an element, of considerable proportions, which probably promised most in the way of creation, certainly in the way of patronage. When the war had been won, and excited men like Noah Webster were prophesying an American language different from English, and epic-mongers were visioning a Columbia rising in glory, literature relied more exclusively than ever upon the cultural background of Europe. In the early days of the republic,

imitation of English models was as close in the writing of both prose and verse as it was in the framing of navigation acts.

Irving, the first American to command wide attention as a literary artist, frankly announced: "There is no country more worthy of our study than England." Accounting for his migration to Europe in 1817, he explained that while America was full of youthful promise, "Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age," and added that he had exiled himself to escape "from the commonplace realities of the present" and to lose himself "among the shadowy grandeurs of the past." Hawthorne, similarly, in the preface to *The Marble Faun* wrote:

> Italy, as the site of this romance, was chiefly valuable to him [the author] as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land.

James Fenimore Cooper, the third of the first great trio in American fiction, illustrates the point again when he sought to describe America as it appeared to him in 1828:

> The second obstacle against which American literature has to contend is in the poverty of materials. There is scarcely an ore which contributes to the wealth of the author, that is found here, in veins as rich as in Europe. There are no annals for the historian; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance; no gross and hardy offences against decorum for the moralist; nor any of the rich artificial auxiliaries of poetry. The weakest hand can extract a spark from the flint, but it would baffle the strength of a giant to attempt kindling a flame with a pudding-stone.

The Romantic theory of fiction demanded past tradition and hoary association; and Irving, Hawthorne, and Cooper recognized the fact. Necessity forced them to resort to the use of what Mr. Carl Van Doren has called the three "matters" of American romance: the Puritan era, the Revolutionary War, and the frontier; but in the light of the regnant literary fashion such material was indeed exceedingly "commonplace." Certainly during the Romantic period, as well as during the Colonial era, letters languished in America because of the lack of a native cultural background.

For the later period, it would be hard to prove that the kind of realism which finds sermons in bricks and sex in everything, really demands, in addition to contemporary sophistication, a hinterland of culture and tradition. But assuredly Mr. Van Wyck Brooks was not slipping back six decades to an unrealistic point of view when he wrote in 1915 that "a certain density, weight, and richness, a certain poignancy" has always been lacking in the American literary tradition, and added: "Those of our writers who have possessed a vivid personal talent have been paralyzed by the want of a social background." Gamaliel Bradford joined the chorus in 1924 with his letter to Brander Matthews, who had expressed his regrets that the biographer "had turned aside from American subjects." "I confess," wrote Bradford, "that I was also tempted by the opportunity to apply my biographical method to the most wonderful material in the world, since the American subjects so often force me to work with material that is either scanty or *colorless*."

A second stumbling-block in the way of the progress of American literature has been—and still is—the intensely practical nature of the American citizenry. The economic cry of the earlier America was "Land ahead!"

The various frontiers were waiting to echo and re-echo the cry westward. Later, when the national mind had "mortgaged itself to the railroads," to quote that serene snob Henry Adams, "Machines ahead!" became the watchword of the newer generations. But whether in agriculture or industry, the problem was the same—a mastery of the tremendous forces of nature. The New World presented at once an opportunity and a challenge to the energies of man, energies that would annihilate time and space. The unusually wide and intense preoccupation with a problem of such magnitude has built up a tradition against the development of a leisured class, a class posited in any era of high cultural attainment, and has led Americans to put a price on speed, than which there is no greater handicap to art.

In 1832 the acerb Mrs. Trollope, mother of the novelist, damned the domestic manners of Americans with such gusto that the term "trollopism" was coined to signify any unjust abuse. One of the least offensive—and truest—of her remarks was made concerning the preoccupation with practical affairs which seemed to her to characterize the *genus homo* as it appeared in the United States. "The fact is," she wrote, "that throughout all ranks of society, from the successful merchant, which is the highest, to the domestic serving man, which is the lowest, they are all too actively employed to read, except at such broken moments as may suffice for a peep at a newspaper." Too busy to read—and too busy to write! One more lady's remarks and I shall have done with the matter. Upon her first trip abroad, in 1853, Mrs. Hawthorne, herself an exceedingly cultivated person, was struck by the education and gentility of an Englishman whom she had met. "It seems," she confided to her journal, "to require *more leisure* and a deeper culture than

we Americans have yet, to produce such a lovely flower." And, no doubt, Mrs. Hawthorne was right! What Theodore Roosevelt called "the strenuous life" has also taken a toll.

The third obvious factor working against the development of the literary art in America has been the lack of homogeneity of culture and the social disturbance due to the melting pot. Consider, for example, the decade 1840 to 1850. At the beginning of this period the total population of the United States, according to the official census, was 17,069,453; and at the end, 23,191,876. From 1841 to 1850 the increase in population due to immigration alone averaged 171,325 per year. Let us jump a few decades and take at random another—say the period 1880 to 1890. In 1880 the total population was 50,155,783; and ten years later, 62,947,714; and the increase by immigration alone averaged over half a million per year. That these phenomenal increases in population were surpassed later is too well known to require a further elaboration of the obvious.

Ethnic movements have always been alleged to have crippled artistic production; and the United States cannot be excepted from the rule. There is no need of complicating the matter by pondering the existence of over three million and a half negroes in the America of 1850 or of practically double that number in 1890. Nor is there need of weighing the implications of the fact that between the years 1899 and 1910 more than one-fourth of the immigrants aged fourteen or older who came to the United States could neither read nor write. Making all due allowances for the sturdy physical and mental nature of the earlier immigrant, it seems true that, according to psychological tests given American soldiers during the Great War, the intellectual possibilities of the generation

immediately following the immigrant one have been definitely of a lower order.

A fourth factor appears to have been the lack of homogeneity of culture due to the scattering of the population over such a tremendous area of land. The automobile, the radio, and national advertising have been needed to give some kind of solidarity to the people dwelling in the various parts of the nation. If it is true that the social unit of the town gave colonial New England the advantage in literary production over the rural South, it must be equally true that the scattering of the population over the vast expanse of the Middle West, and later the honest-to-goodness West, has militated against the production of literature. The frontier, except for supplying subjects, has been nothing but a hurdle for American art to leap.

In the palmy days of the Romantic movement the popular literary doctrine of solitude and the enthusiasm for nature might seem to detract from the argument, which ultimately reduces itself to the simple proposition that cities, rather than the wide open spaces, are responsible for literature. But it is doubtful whether Emerson would now represent the finest flowering of the Romantic impulse in America if he had removed from the environs of Boston to Minnesota; and Thoreau never would have written a book like *Walden* had he and his brother John fulfilled their early desire to migrate to Kentucky. Certainly, later, the rise of realistic literature has varied directly with the growth of large cities; and, to me at least, it seems impossible that Crane, Norris, and Dreiser—any more than Zola—could have produced their particular brands of fiction without the tradition of reporting which developed only with the exigencies of large city newspapers.

As a fifth factor militating against the production of *belles-lettres* in America I would point to the dominant type of education supplied the citizens. In 1880 Matthew Arnold spoke of the United States as "a great middle-class community"—and middle-class beliefs of popular morality and of education have been very evident in the national history. Americans boast, with justice, that they have led the world in providing vast numbers of people with schooling, and their early leadership in this regard is notable and important. For example, in the two decades between 1830 and 1850 about eighty colleges were founded; and a hundred and eighty-two of the present institutions of higher learning were established before the Civil War. But the quality of the education afforded by all those colleges has to be considered.

Assuming the influence of education and baccalaureate ideals upon the minds of writers, let me turn for a moment to a few implications. It may perhaps be argued that the literary prominence of New England was due to its possession, for a long, long period, of the best schools, elementary as well as collegiate. It may even be suggested that *a part* of the so-called "Puritan" tradition in American culture was owing to such facts as that in 1820 one-eighth of all the college graduates were clergymen, and that for years and years most of the teachers in higher educational institutions had been recruited from the ranks of the clergy. Certainly with the secularization of education there has been a decline in the "moral purity" which Rufus Griswold described in 1842 as "the chief distinguishing characteristic of American poetry."

Of interest in the history of literary production is not only the religious and moral impress of the schools but the educational qualifications of women. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries particularly, women have

definitely shaped the course of literature in that they have formed a tremendously large portion of the reading public. In the way of production, also, the numerous modern counterparts of Sappho and Sulpicia have been persons of great consequence. Hawthorne found in his day that competition was terrific with a "damned mob of scribbling women," to use his own expression; and a mental inventory of the most important, as well as the most popular, writers of our own day will prove to anyone that, to say the least, the situation has not changed since 1850. Although the United States led the world with women's colleges and co-educational schools of higher education fairly early in the nineteenth century, it is nevertheless true that in that century the very best education afforded women in the United States was inferior to the very best obtained by the distaff members of cultivated English households. In 1838, a popular novelist, Catherine Sedgwick, who was visiting England for the first time, expressed the idea in these words: "English women, married and single, have more leisure and *far more opportunity for intellectual cultivation*, than with us."

The national ideal in education has in America been the offering of training rather than the development of a cultivated point of view; and few American writers have ever enjoyed a type of schooling as suitable to the creation of art as that offered by the most distinguished European universities. More important, perhaps, the college graduate of America, speaking by-and-large, has a respect for little beyond practical training alone. A poet in the ages he can tolerate, because he will never read him; a poet at his cocktail party he regards as a joke.

Another power that has operated in America against the production of a high-grade literature has been—and

still is—the vast number of magazines and newspapers, whose policy has been largely that of supplying the public with nothing better than the average subscriber wants. Practically every European traveller of note who recorded his opinion of pre-Civil-War America expressed his astonishment at the horde of newspapers and other journals published there. In 1832 Mrs. Trollope flatly decided that "the immense exhalation of periodical trash" was unquestionably one of the chief causes of the inferiority of American letters. In 1848 Theodore Parker, the Paul of Transcendentalism, concluded that the true spirit of the national average could be found only in speeches, pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines—not in books. During the Civil War Emerson bluntly informed a lecture audience, "Journalism is the type of American literature," and about forty years earlier Cooper, discussing the problem of American letters, declared, "The first, and the most important, though certainly the most familiar branch of this subject, is connected with the public journals."

Although time, the old justice, has examined many offenders in the world of journalism since these people wrote, the situation is to-day nearly the same; and other countries, with the development of a wide reading audience, have begun to understand a matter with which Americans have coped for many years; namely, that the literary life is an almost impossible life, unless the young author has a pleasing personality as a lecturer, or sells his soul to the periodicals.

Of course, many efforts have been made to catch in a magazine the breath of something better. The history of American journalism is strewn with the catastrophic results. *The Dial*, with Emerson, Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller as editors and contributors, feebly watched the

hours for only four years (1840-4). Elizabeth Peabody's *Aesthetic Papers*, with a lecture by Emerson, a sketch by Hawthorne, and the most influential essay that Thoreau ever wrote, never succeeded in putting out a second number (1849). Readers had to be drawn by the meretricious offerings of *Godey's Lady's Book*, which lasted sixty-eight years (1830-98), in spite of an occasional work of a genuine artist. The oldest of American magazines, *The North American Review*, founded in 1815, has watered its literary stock several times, and now barely survives. The *Atlantic* and *Harper's* as vehicles of literature would now be disdained by their former editors, Lowell and Curtis; and the so-called little magazines have met, or are meeting, a fate like that of their earlier counterparts. The same situation is true of the better newspapers.

As I have suggested, the periodical curse upon literature is by no means to-day a peculiarly American problem; but it should be remembered that American literature suffered earlier in this respect than did, say, the literature of England and Germany. Otherwise the foreign traveller of the thirties and forties would never have expressed surprise at the numbers of magazines and newspapers. On the other hand, as a kind of compensation for what has been lost through the economic dominance of journalism, it may be said that the phenomenal rise and the development of the short story are largely due to the exigencies of publishing magazines. Perhaps, also, the theory that a poem should be brief, a theory that Bryant and Whitman maintained as well as Poe, is likewise a product of the experience of writers who knew what the journals would publish.

Closely connected with the problem of journalism is the seventh, and last, obstacle to American *belles-lettres* which I choose to discuss; namely, the absence of an

international copyright law in the United States up to the year 1891. While Congress already by 1790 had passed an act of copyright and patent and had notably extended legislation on the subject in 1831, 1856, 1870, and 1874, no international copyright law was enacted until 1891, in spite of protests from both English and American authors and publishers. Bills were introduced from time to time; but none of them was passed, largely, it seems, because of the objections of certain powerful American publishers, until the American Copyright League, founded in 1883, continued its persistent agitation and lobbying to a successful conclusion in 1891. England much earlier had such a law, which enabled a foreign author to secure protection provided that he published his book first in British territory. This is the reason that many first editions of American authors were English editions. This is the reason that Melville, for example, although in very straitened financial circumstances, went to England in 1849 with the manuscript of *White-Jacket*, to find a publisher. Writers like Melville and Irving, however, were exceptions to the rule, for most American authors had their works freely pirated by British printing firms. One British bookman, for example, informed Mrs. Hawthorne that he had turned out thirty-five thousand copies of *The Scarlet Letter*, and she observed that her husband had not received one penny for the lot. In 1876 Longfellow remarked that he had had twenty-two publishers in England and Scotland, and only four of them had taken the slightest notice of his existence, even so far as sending him copies of the books. About thirty years earlier, G. P. Putnam published in London a kind of handbook entitled *American Facts*, in which he listed three hundred and eighty-two American books pirated in England from 1841 to 1846, ranging all the way from theology to

"juveniles." Among them were a dozen volumes of poetry and sixty-odd works of fiction. In the eighties the pirating of American books probably reached its peak, and in one year, 1885, "Warne's Star Series" included in its ninety-one titles thirty-six by Americans, and another English publisher's "Home Treasure Library" numbered among its thirty-eight titles thirty by American authors. At this time, of course, the spread of the reading public in England had been so great that publishing houses were in sore need of works of "pure morality and lofty air" to meet the requirements of a lower level of intelligence, and America had long before developed the kind of book that satisfied the demand. That American writers were robbed of the possible proceeds from sales in Great Britain by the absence of a reciprocal international copyright law is obvious enough—but a more important matter was involved.

American publishers could also act as pirates, and that they did, with all the energy evoked by large profits. Some of the details are amusing, as one may see in the following account given by an English traveller who visited America in 1827-8. A Philadelphia firm, Carey and Lea, had made arrangements to obtain the proof-sheets of one of Scott's novels.

> They had received, by various opportunities, all the sheets of the novel but one, and as fast as they received them, printed off about 10,000 copies of the work. The packet in which this unfortunate lost sheet was dispatched sailed from Liverpool on the first of the month, up to which time the book had not been published. But it happened . . . that a ship which sailed from Liverpool some weeks afterwards arrived at New York on the same day. In the interim of the sailing of the first and the last of these two vessels, the book made its appearance in England, and a complete copy, sent off by the last opportunity, reached America at the very same moment with the anxiously looked for missing sheet by the first ship.
>
> The publisher, a man of great energy and promptitude of pur-

pose, who was waiting at New York for the arrival of the packet, boarded her before the anchor was down, got hold of his prize, and galloped back to Philadelphia. The unlucky sheet was straightway set up in a dozen different printing offices, which were kept in motion night and day by relays of workmen; the book was not only completed for immediate sale on the spot, but by means of carriages posted on the road, a couple of thousand copies were actually ready for distribution at New York within six and thirty hours after the arrival of the ship.

Later in the century the more prosperous publishing houses found such keen competition undesirable and divided the English authors among themselves, with a kind of gentlemen's agreement whereby one should respect the "property" of the other. But when the author enjoyed unusual popularity the race was free for all. For example, the year of Dickens's second visit to the United States (1867) was marked by the publication of thirty-one different editions of his collected works. Americans obtained cheap books through the activities of the pirates, but the American author paid the price. Unless he were lucky, he had to make a living as a journalist and wait for a reputation—particularly an English one—before he could expect anything resembling an income from his books. This was the chief difficulty for American letters involved in the failure of Congress to pass an act of international copyright.

Reduced to a simple case, it meant that a young author with the manuscript of a good novel betook himself to a publisher and asked for a verdict. When nothing but money was involved—and profit rarely takes a holiday—the publisher gravely pronounced sentence: "This is a good novel, my friend, but I can't be sure that the public will take to it until I try. However, I can't afford the risk. I can reprint all the new English novels as they come out as cheaply as I can set up your book in type. The English novels will sell. Their authors have reputa-

tions. Besides, you know that American readers set more store by English literature anyhow." (The publisher might have added that he had little time to print American books because his shops were overworked in pirating Barry Cornwall, Tupper, and *Blackwood's Magazine*.) Irving, in 1840, in a plea for a copyright law, cited the case of a friend of his whose manuscript he had tried to place with a publishing house. Not one would take it, even when the friend agreed to pay the full cost of publication. Poe, fully experienced in the difficulty of getting a book published, wrote to his friend Thomas in 1842, "Without an international copyright law, American authors may as well cut their throats."

Such, then, are my variations on the theme-song of American criticism. I do not mean to argue that these seven factors are isolated from one another, that they are all-sufficient, or that they are all uniquely American. But I believe that they are a partial answer to the devastating question of American critics. And, finally, lest some one should charge me with riding a dead horse into a grave of antiquated facts and theories, hear Mr. Branch Cabell, speaking from the Virginia of 1934:

> In brief, America has produced just one literary genius whose existence the world recognizes [Poe]; and once only during the exercise of his genius did he fully recognize the existence of America. That—I regret to say—was when he remarked, "As a literary people, we are one vast perambulating humbug." . . . Literature, in brief, has become with us of America a huge organized hubbub, in which everybody involved is doing his fond utmost to play at appraising with entire seriousness the fourth rate. . . . We still seek to bring forth a creditable literature through a conjunction of the tomtom and the trumpet, in default of that recalcitrant great writer who, *for some reason or another reason*, declines to be born among us. . . .

I hope that I have given Mr. Cabell something more definite than his Poictesmic "some reason or another reason."

THREE KINDS OF AGREEMENT

H. W. WRIGHT

I

IN the opinion of Dr. R. C. Cabot the most useful tool for deciding the puzzles of moral conduct and social relations is the question: What agreements were made in view of the facts of this situation? Such agreements, he points out, are sometimes explicit; they are promises to be kept, debts to be paid, contracts to be fulfilled, duties to be performed. But the great majority of agreements on which our orderly social life depends are, he holds, implicit or tacit—made to be carried out in action without explicit statement in words.

> To keep in touch, as our facile overworked metaphor has it, involves a continuous flow of simple, rapid, tacit understandings. . . . Whatever we do rests on a framework of such mutual understandings, mostly implicit, a very few explicit. . . . The use of language itself involves tacit agreements. . . . For all of us words, spoken or written, would be meaningless if people had not come to an understanding on what they are to mean. . . . When two men do agree in an opinion, instead of in a promise, the strength of their agreement is obviously not in what they say to one another but in the similarity of the impression made on each by a particular set of facts. Both bow to the same interpretation of reality. Therefore they can agree with each other.[1]

The importance which Dr. Cabot attributes to agreement is, I think, well-founded and very timely. Indeed, the majority of us to-day scarcely require such an argument as he elaborates to convince us of the crucial importance of human agreement. Some kind of intelligent agreement is the preliminary condition for that more extensive and effective co-operation among men which

[1] R. C. Cabot, *The Meaning of Right and Wrong*, 1933, pp. 30-42.

appears more and more plainly to be a condition of the survival of civilization itself. Now social psychology is prepared to tell us a good deal about the character and causes of the different main kinds of social agreement; in fact this subject has been given an exceptional amount of attention by social psychologists. In psychological terms, agreement is a species of social response, a mode of behaviour which has a social stimulus, this being the behaviour of others, and may itself act as a stimulus in evoking responses from others.

In recent writings on the psychology of social behaviour, a significant tendency reveals itself, to acknowledge that all forms of social behaviour (including *a fortiori* responses of agreement) presuppose, and depend upon, a community of mind or intelligence among participants. Thus the present writer has suggested[2] that the factor which is fundamental to all types of distinctively human association is inter-communication. Inter-communication is to be defined in a broad sense as referring to all those psycho-physical responses by which meaningful experiences are exchanged, and therefore as including not merely the communication of ideas and opinions through speech, but also of purposes and practical expedients through action, and of emotions through facial expression, gestures, and bodily posture (these latter sometimes extending themselves into such art-forms as singing and dancing, and dramatic and pictorial representation). Much the same view is taken by Professor Washburn, who holds that human social behaviour can be explained only in terms of "ejective consciousness,"[3] which she

[2]In an article on the psychological basis of human association in the *Journal of Philosophy*, XVII, p. 421; also in a discussion of the psychology of inter-communication in chaps. iv-vii of *The Moral Standards of Democracy*, 1925.

[3]M. F. Washburn, "Ejective Consciousness as a Fundamental Factor in Psychology" (*Journal of Philosophy*, XXXIX, p. 345).

defines as "one's idea of what is going on in other minds." She further believes that any social psychology must prove inadequate which understands the social behaviour of man as a reaction to the behaviour of his fellows rather than a reaction to what he conceives to be the mental states of others. In a recent article,[4] Professor Raymond Dodge finds the basis of human association to be the "nearness" of minds, which he defines as "a fundamental frame of community between one person and others." Such mental nearness, he points out, is not to be confused with spatial proximity or physical distance; it has many and diverse conditions, in part biological, such as race and family heredity, but mainly mental, such as community of reaction, of emotion, of intellectual activity, of experience.

Communication, mental nearness, or ejective consciousness, is not agreement, but the presupposition of agreement—as it is of every genuinely social response, including, of course, those of disagreement and conflict. Agreement is a response which follows upon the response of understanding the significance of another's behaviour, the meaning it has for him as well as for oneself. It depends upon this understanding so entirely that it would be quite impossible without it. Thus I cannot agree with the statement another makes to me unless I understand the meaning of his words; I cannot act in agreement with him unless I understand what he is trying to do; I cannot feel as he does about a certain matter unless I understand the circumstances and experiences which have aroused his feeling. It is, of course, true that this primary response of understanding may have no further consequences for behaviour whatever. I may hear words shouted in the street below, listen long enough to understand them as

[4]Raymond Dodge, "Mental Nearness" (*Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, XXVIII, p. 233).

offering fresh strawberries for sale, and turn back to my work. I may see my neighbour driving pegs and stretching strings in his front yard, look with sufficient attention to see that he is marking out a flower-bed, and feel no slightest impulse to do anything about it. I may hear a succession of piercing screams from beneath my window, hurry over to see what is the matter, observe there only a small boy giving vent to his animal spirits, and instantly drop the matter from my mind. And, as just mentioned, the ensuing response when it occurs may be one of disagreement as well as of agreement: I may dispute the statement as soon as I grasp its meaning; I may oppose my neighbour's action when I discover what he is up to; I may be angered by the unnecessary noise made by the obstreperous urchin. Still the response of disagreement does not seem to bear quite the same relation to the preliminary or antecedent understanding that agreement does. We feel, I think rightly, that the response of agreement stands as the completion and fulfilment of that community of intelligence which enables us to understand the meaning of others' behaviour, while disagreement represents its frustration and nullification.

The various types of agreement have been described and accounted for by social psychologists; and their conclusions, largely because of the bearing they have upon such familiar present-day enterprises as those of publicity and advertising, and of political and social organization, have been in a fair degree assimilated by the intelligent thought of our time. Social psychology began with the study of such important forms of agreement as imitation and suggestion, particularly as displayed in mob-behaviour. The general interest in representative democracy at the end of the last century encouraged as the next step the psychological investigation of the procedures of public

discussion, of the formation of public opinion, and of the conditions of social and political co-operation generally. Recently the combined influence of abnormal psychology and cynical enlightenment have popularized "rationalization," a "barbarous but useful term" as Dr. Cabot calls it, but one which signifies, in spite of contrary implications, a kind of agreement. So much has been written about these social responses both in a scientific and a popular way—particularly about imitation and suggestion a generation ago, and about rationalization more recently—that one may wonder whether there is much more to be said about them. There are, however, several good reasons why it may be profitable just now to return to the subject. The first reason is that when we consider the main forms of social agreement in their relation to each other and to that mutual understanding which is their indispensable preliminary, certain new facts come to light which have great importance because they bear directly upon our present social problems. The second is that mechanical agencies of communication and transportation, of publicity and propaganda, which have revolutionized human intercourse in civilized society are greatly altering the operation, the scope, and the efficacy of these forms of agreement, creating thereby some of the most formidable difficulties of the contemporary social order. And a third reason is the undeniable fact that such chance as may exist of bringing about the kind of extended co-operation, political and economic, that the times demand will be increased by any additional insight we can gain into the psychology of human agreement.

Looking over the field of social behaviour we observe three forms of agreement which are outstanding. In the first, the response of agreement takes the form of accepting and reproducing the idea, or the practical accomplish-

ment, or the feeling, signified by another's behaviour, without the intervention of critical intelligence. The second form of agreement consists of an adjustment, in the field of thought or practice or emotion, to the ideas, actions, or feelings of another, through the processes of rational discussion, intelligently-directed experimentation, or imaginative construction. In the third type of agreement, the individual who responds employs his intelligence to formulate some general proposition which, when stated in response to the stimulus of another's behaviour, is sufficient to convince him of the propriety of a line of thought or action which the agent wishes in his own interest to follow. It is obvious that the co-operative activities of organized social life are maintained and facilitated by these three types of agreement. Let us then consider each one in its distinctive features and with particular thought for the part it plays in the mechanically-intermediated social interaction brought about by science and invention in our generation.

II

The first mode of agreement is the one which produces what has been called "irrational unanimity" among men in society. One individual accepts the ideas, imitates the actions, reproduces the feelings of others, without bringing his critical intelligence to bear upon them. It is too much to say that intelligence has nothing to do with such immediate agreement. Except in the comparatively few and unimportant cases where the reproduction is semi-mechanical, such as when one finds oneself humming a tune he has lately heard or falling into a mannerism he has recently noticed in an acquaintance, the meaning of the words of another, the significance of his action or emotional expression, must be understood in order to

elicit the response of acceptance or reproduction. But the distinctive feature of the response is that it is unquestioned by the intelligence of the agent, unchallenged by his reason. Psychologists have sought to discover the cause of the tendency toward irrational agreement or unanimity in human nature. They looked for this cause first in the external source of stimulation, in the dominating influence or prestige of the individual supplying the stimulus. Undoubtedly commanding position, due to such circumstances as political power, social distinction, great wealth, intellectual pre-eminence, are potent factors in producing this effect. But these factors will have no effect unless the subject is susceptible to their influence. Attention was then directed to causes of such susceptibility in the human subject. Ignorance, immaturity, inexperience, bodily weakness from fatigue or ill-health were noted as contributory factors whose efficacy was confirmed by the greater suggestibility and imitativeness of children than adults, of women than men. Some psychologists, notably McDougall, have held that this susceptibility to the influence of social example can be explained only on the supposition that the normal human being is endowed by heredity with an instinct of submission which is aroused by anyone whom he recognizes as socially superior to himself.

Psychologists at present believe that the principal cause of the kind of agreement we are considering is to be found in no one factor such as the prestige of the source or the submissiveness of the subject but in any one of a variety of response-tendencies in the human individual, predispositions, preferences, attitudes, habits, sentiments, each of which "sets" him to respond immediately and unthinkingly whenever its appropriate stimulus is furnished by the behaviour of another. Of course, social

prestige can be depended on to increase the power of the stimulus, so also other conditions, such as ignorance, inexperience, or bodily weakness, increase the liability of the subject to unguarded and unintelligent response. But the essential cause is to be found in the diverse dispositions, attitudes, and wishes, the various ambitions and sentiments of the individual who responds. Those pre-established sets are produced by the interaction of hereditary impulse with processes of social conditioning and experience. If I respond to the solicitous remark of an acquaintance that I am not looking well to-day by believing that I am not well and then beginning actually to feel ill, the primary cause of my response is to be found in my tendency to fear for my health and survival, a set which is rooted in hereditary predisposition, though it may be strengthened by acquired habit. The cause of the notorious susceptibility of civilized people to respond to the appeal of investment schemes which promise large and certain financial returns is to be found in the desire for quick pecuniary profits, certainly an acquired wish not an hereditary impulse, which produces a strong set to respond uncritically to the appropriate stimulus. If, though a comparative outsider, one finds oneself responding to the enthusiastic excitement of a political rally, college pep-meeting, or religious revival by feeling a like emotion, this is because of impulses and emotional tendencies, deeply ingrained in his nature by heredity and habit, which predispose him to this reaction.

As has been said, immaturity, ignorance, and inexperience were soon singled out by psychologists as causes or conditions which increase this human susceptibility to respond with quick unreasoning acceptance and reproduction, to others' words and actions. In proof of the efficacy of these factors, they were able to cite the

suggestibility and imitativeness of savages and of children. But this has another side. Since suggestibility and imitativeness depend upon an ability to understand and appreciate the significance of social stimuli, *i.e.*, the symbolism of language and of other forms of behaviour through which meaning is communicated, they may be increased rather than diminished by the forces of civilization. Thus while education is the only road to social enlightenment, literacy opens the way for a flood of suggestion and propaganda from which the illiterate are effectually insulated. While early training and detailed proficiency in the manners and conventions of highly organized social life prepare the individual for social advancement, they also render him more susceptible to social example and prestige. While a thorough acquaintance with the "conventional language of emotion," as exemplified not merely in everyday social contacts but also in dramatic performance, creates new possibilities of social interest and satisfaction, it reduces the resistance of the individual to the contagion of crowd-feeling. Fifty years ago, before the advent of modern mechanical means for the wholesale reproduction of significant social stimuli, social psychologists made much of the fact that great capital cities because they were centres of social sophistication were also centres of fashion in which new fads in speech and dress and social manners and conventions were continually starting up, spreading at first with lightning speed, and continuing long enough in some cases to radiate forth in widening circles beyond the limits of the metropolis to the remotest backwoods province.

The scope and efficacy of the kind of social agreement we are discussing have been tremendously, incalculably, increased during the last generation by the invention of radio and motion-picture, and of the contemporary

technique of publicity and propaganda. In their psychological function, these are all of them mechanical instrumentalities for multiplying a million-fold and reproducing, regardless of ordinary limits of space and time, significant social stimuli: verbal discourse, oral and written, music, dramatic portrayal of social life and conduct, pictorial representation of current social event and incident. The result is that the human individual in contemporary civilization is subject during his waking hours to a well-nigh continuous bombardment by such stimuli conveyed through the medium of the newspaper press, the various devices for advertising, the radio and talking picture. These stimuli are not mere insensate noises and flickerings of colour and brightness like the roar of the wind or the flashes of light and shade on the rippling waves; the worst of them is (one is tempted to say) that they have social significance which commands, and wears upon, the attention. And they carry with them, some very definitely and all by vague association, the prestige of the encompassing social world, into interaction with which everyone of us is irresistibly drawn as the price of social survival; so much so that mass-suggestion and imitation are generally recognized as an outstanding feature of the social life of our time. As Professor Dewey has said:

> We live exposed to the greatest flood of mass-suggestion that any people has ever experienced. The need for united action, and the supposed need of integrated opinion and sentiment, are met by organized propaganda and advertising. The publicity agent is perhaps the most significant symbol of our present social life. There are individuals who resist; but, for the time at least, sentiment can be manufactured by mass methods for almost any person or any cause.[5]

Mr. Walter Lippmann has contended that democracy

[5] John Dewey, *Individualism New and Old*, 1930, p. 42.

can be made to work under these conditions only if governments establish bureaus of investigation, record, and publicity, which issue to all citizens bulletins of accurate, well-digested information on all matters of public concern, and thus provide them with trustworthy material to serve as sound basis for political discussion and the formation of public opinion.[6] But what chance, one may ask, would such an effort to provide trustworthy information have against the influence of great chains of metropolitan newspapers using all the arts of propaganda to serve the selfish and often sinister designs of millionaire owners? What chance have intelligently-directed educational institutions and agencies to make headway against the materialism of existing civilization when pitted against the blandishments of modern advertising, the exciting display of ever-new articles of comfort and luxury by our great stores, the parade of fashion and motor equipment on our city streets? What chance of success have enterprises, well-planned and well-managed with a view to improving public taste in music and drama, like community theatres and music festivals? We are pleased to observe their present progress but fear that their influence is destined to be small as compared with that of commercialized agencies of public entertainment like the motion-picture industry and the privately-owned radio systems. Nationally controlled radio, which attempts to furnish instruction and improve taste as well as to provide entertainment, finds it difficult to compete with privately-owned systems whose colossal revenues derived from advertising enable them to employ the highest-priced popular entertainers. The effect of suggestion and imitation enhanced by mechanical media of transmission and reproduction is seen in the present-day drift of "popular"

[6]Walter Lippmann, *Public Opinion*, 1922.

government. Democracy is ceasing to be a method of political co-operation depending for the direction of national policy upon the free and continuous discussion of matters of common public interest by the various groups within the citizen-body; its principal function is tending to become that of holding elections in which the great periodic swings of popular feeling and preference under the dominant influence of modes of mass-suggestion, are registered and given effect to.[7] In contemporary dictatorships, both proletarian and military, recourse is continually had to all the art and enginery of high-pressure propaganda devised with the acme of technical skill to produce just the effect upon the mass of the population that the masters of power and propaganda wish to produce.

III

The second of the three forms of agreement we are to consider is, fortunately for the social prospects of the human race, on the decidedly higher plane of rational discussion which leads to some degree of mutual understanding and practical co-operation. It seeks after, and it finds, a basis for agreement in belief and for adjustment of behaviour in the world of fact and of law discovered by our common human intelligence. When that basis is found, conflicting individual opinions prove to be reconcilable, and harmony of action and feeling to be attainable. At the risk of introducing artificial divisions into the process of intelligent social adjustment, which is essentially one because human personality in its various modes of activity is one, it is worth while to point out that this

[7]Dr. Lindsay in his illuminating treatment of democracy refers to this dangerous tendency to turn the nation into an immense public meeting which can be called upon to say Yes or No at stated intervals and under conditions increasingly favourable to the action of mass-suggestion. *Cf.* A. D. Lindsay, *The Essentials of Democracy*, 1930, chaps. ii, iii.

form of intelligent agreement is achieved not merely in the field of thought and opinion but also in that of overt action and that of feeling as well. We are most familiar with it in the first-named field, where by discussion and argument matters of dispute are thrashed out, sources of disagreement discovered and removed, and harmonious conclusions reached. Here both stimuli and responses take the form of verbal statements, and the whole interchange goes on in the world of intelligent discourse, which is a social world because the language-symbols used by the different participants refer to a system of facts and meanings whose objective existence is admitted by all.

But in the kind of agreement now before us, the stimulus may be the actions just as well as the words of another, his actions which are significant as an objective demonstration of his purpose and the expedients he is employing to realize it. And the agreeing response may also take the form of action, not an action which, as in the case of imitation, simply reproduces the stimulus supplied by another's behaviour, but one which, though more or less different, still supplements and reinforces it because in its own way it serves the same ultimate end. This sort of agreement, illustrated by the "team-work" of a well-trained athletic group or symphony orchestra, is usually preceded by a stage of practical experimentation in which each *tries out* in the presence of the other the efficacy of those methods and means which he deems best suited to the common purpose which all have in view. It is an achievement of practical intelligence, an adjustment or accommodation of overt behaviour in which the actions of two or more individuals are so modified, with respect to the aim sought and the methods employed, that each makes the best use of his own abilities and resources to advance the enterprise to which both, or all, are

committed. To such adjustment and co-operation, discussion is, as we know, a usual preliminary and accompaniment: just as agreement in idea resulting from argument and debate frequently has as its aftermath an ensuing harmony of action. In the third place, intelligent agreement may pertain principally to feeling rather than to belief or action. Here the stimulus is neither the words nor the actions of a fellow-man, but the observable expression he gives to his feeling by voice, facial muscles, gestures, and bodily posture. And the distinctive thing about the agreeing response which makes it intelligent is that the harmonious feeling induced in the observer is not, as in the case of passive sympathy, a mere automatic reproduction of another's feeling, but the result of an intellectual or imaginative realization of his point of view and of the conditions and circumstances which have called forth his emotion. Thus when I hear the shouts of excited approval with which a riotous group of unemployed greet every outburst of inflammatory denunciation and wild prophecy from a professional agitator, I feel at first nothing but antagonism; but if I stop to imagine their lot, to think that what arouses their emotion is the idea of securely possessing such necessities and moderate comforts as I have always taken for granted, the antagonism dies away and is replaced by an understanding sympathy. Or if I observe the reverent awe with which a religious procession is watched by the people who line the streets in a neighbouring city, my first feeling may be one of irritation and disgust at the ignorance and credulity displayed, but when I remember that the belief which prompts their behaviour is a naïve faith in the powers which control the world and determine the destiny of man, not so very different in essence from my own, my feeling changes into one not inharmonious with theirs.

Not enough attention has been given, I believe, to the psychology of co-operative thinking and planning and performance. Miss Follett perhaps offers us most help in grasping the true inwardness of this mode of agreement. In her book, *Creative Experience*,[8] she shows that this form of agreement consists, not as commonly supposed in ironing out individual differences in thought and action and so producing an identity of opinion and practice, but rather in the discovery by the individuals concerned of a new view or plan of action, suggested by joint reflection upon all the facts of the case in their relations, a view which shall be comprehensive enough to conserve and give expression to whatever is sound and valuable in their discrepant and apparently conflicting beliefs and purposes. The procedure is, therefore, not that of eliminating but of integrating differences of individual opinion and practice. In the case of protracted dispute between individuals or groups, we are accustomed to think that there are just three possibilities in the way of solution or settlement: that *A* shall give way to *B*; that *B* shall give way to *A*; or that they shall compromise and each be content with half a loaf. But this is a mistake, says Miss Follett; none of these settlements is a real solution of dispute. True agreement is reached only when the disputants, after meeting for purpose of joint discussion and viewing the question at issue between them from the altered standpoint of honestly-attempted co-operation, discover new formulas or devise new methods which give reasonable expression to the contending beliefs and interests of both. Such agreement is truly creative, a genuine invention, representing a real forward step in social integration, and the procedure is based, Miss Follett thinks, upon a fundamental psychological law, that of "circular response."

[8]M. P. Follett, *Creative Experience*, 1924.

All organic responses are, or tend to be, circular because the living individual cannot respond to a stimulating situation without, by means of this very response, altering that situation, and so altering it that it calls forth a new and modified response. Just so it is in case of intelligent social adjustment. It is certainly true that two warring factions cannot so far abandon their mutual antagonism as to agree to confer together and, in pursuance of this agreement, meet for joint discussion, without by means of this response decidedly altering their situation relative to one another and their respective opposing claims. And it is equally true that this situation in its altered character cannot fail to evoke from the minds of the conferees new responses of deeper insight into underlying bonds of interest and possible methods of temporary adjustment and ultimate solution, which would never have occurred if the original situation of implacable mutual hostility had remained unchanged.

IV

There remains another form of agreement which depends upon the use of our human powers of rational discussion and persuasion with their reference to a common world of intelligible facts and meanings. But in this case the powers of discussion and persuasion are employed not by two or more individuals to discover some new way of thinking or doing which will harmonize their discrepant opinions and desires, but by one individual to formulate some pretext sufficiently reasonable to justify him in the judgment of others in acting as his private wishes impel him to act. This, the third mode of agreement, is one in which reason is used as the tool of designing individual interests. To term it "rationalization" seems a degradation of the word, a "barbarous" usage, indeed.

Barbarous though it may be, the word is likely to stick, however, because it fills a need. But why, it may be asked, call rationalization in this sense a kind of agreement at all? At least we can refuse to dignify by this description what violates the essential spirit of agreement, and is just a species of deceit. In spite of the element of deceit, it is, I think, a kind of agreement—an important concession to our common reason which is the underlying basis of association and agreement among men. Yet is it not quite without social rightfulness or value to pay lip service to accepted ideas or make gestures of homage and loyalty to socially honoured causes? Admittedly, this is to a large extent true; the charge of hypocrisy cannot be successfully refuted. Still, even here, the reply can be made that this is not the whole story. It is very difficult to draw the line, in the case of individuals and nations who profess lofty ideals and find excuses in them for pursuing selfish ends, between deliberate hypocrisy and a confused but stubborn determination to maintain the rightfulness of certain ideals in theory at least, while departing widely from them in practice.

It has suited the disillusioned and cynical temper of post-War civilization to receive with favour the statements of writers, who attempt to psychologize the course of social history and evolution, that many if not all of the most cherished and authoritative human beliefs in the field of religion, morality, and social behaviour are nothing but rationalizations foisted upon the mass of mankind by designing individuals and groups with their own selfish purposes to serve. Thus, to choose illustrations from familiar fields of social experience, the belief in the intellectual inferiority of women is a rationalization successfully perpetuated over vast areas of the world and for scores of centuries by the opposite sex, which wished

to keep them in subjection and needed a reasonable excuse for so doing; likewise the belief that worldly possessions and enjoyments are less valuable and important than the cultivation of spiritual qualities which will gain recognition and bring reward in the life to come, is a rationalization sedulously fostered by members of the owning, ruling class because it justified them in neglecting the hardships of the millions of workers who toiled to produce the wealth for their masters' enjoyment. Of course there has been great exaggeration in such psychologizing of social adjustment and evolution; much pretentious nonsense has been talked; but there is enough truth and illumination in it to give the psychology of this sort of agreement decided social importance.

The scope of rationalization in social behaviour is not fully realized because it operates over a much wider territory than is generally supposed. The motive for this response is always the same, the pressure and urge of individual wish or desire. But the immediate occasion, the external stimulus, is to be found in the behaviour of others. Such behaviour on the part of human associates may take the form of beliefs they affirm, or actions they perform, or feelings they express, which run counter to the private aims which I as agent wish to fulfil. To such social situation I respond by advancing some general consideration which is sufficiently reasonable to gain their assent and which, when agreed to, causes them in consistency to modify their behaviour in conformity with my private wishes or ambitions. And the rational considerations I advance may in their turn take the form of a general idea or principle commonly accepted as valid, a social end or moral purpose generally held to be worthy and honourable, or a sentiment generally admired and revered. We are most familiar with rationalization

of the first sort in which the desired result is produced by citing some general principle which appears to be a part of universally-accepted truth but which, when agreed to, affords rational justification for the views one holds or the course of action he wishes to pursue. Thus in discussions of personal affairs or political issues we have individuals appealing to such threadbare and platitudinous generalities as "Business is business," "Charity begins at home," "This is a free country," "Moderation in all things," "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," as justification for dubious private courses and unscrupulous political tactics. Our celebrated dictators to-day make a specialty of the second sort of rationalization. If it be necessary to win the consent of the people to strict economic regimentation and a reduced standard of living, it is dinned into them by all the instruments of propaganda that only thus can national unity be maintained and national greatness and glory revived. Or if their support is desired for a revival of anti-Semitic persecution, the machinery of propaganda is geared up and set going to impress on them the belief that only thus can the racial purity and integrity of the nation be preserved. It is a disturbing spectacle to see man's powers of formulating reasons and convincing others of their validity, his distinctively human prerogative, being misused to serve the vaulting ambition of contemporary Caesars. A good illustration of the third form of rationalization is afforded by our business interests which seek to justify themselves for pressing their goods and services upon us in peculiarly insistent, intrusive, and objectionable ways, by reminding us of the love we have for our mothers, our wives and dependent children.

One reason why the procedures of rationalization have come to the fore in recent years is that their scope and

influence have been greatly extended by modern instruments of communication and publicity. Radio and sound-film, advertising column, bill-board and illuminated sign, have vastly increased the stock of slogans, platitudes, and specious half-truths in general circulation and ready for use by the average man. In modern advertising the concealment of the profit motive has become a highly developed art. While political discussion of the post-War and depression period has in part risen to a higher plane of economic and political reality, it has also descended to dangerously low levels of rationalization and propaganda. In fact, rationalization and mass-suggestion have gone hand in hand, rationalization practised by the leaders who supply the slogans, the plausible generalities, which contain just enough truth, have just enough consistency with established fact and authoritative value, to lull the critical intelligence of the crowd and allow the forces of suggestion and imitation to get in their work. Mr. Everett Dean Martin has exhibited in startling fashion the part played by rationalization in producing that semblance of agreement which is a dominant characteristic of crowd-behaviour.[9] As he sees it, the propagandist, the rabble-rouser, in our modern democracies projects the slogans for rallying the crowd, and these slogans consist of high-sounding words and phrases—Justice, Right, Liberty, Peace, Brotherly Love, Equality—which are too abstract and generalized to have any definite, concrete meaning to any individual. But through their vague associations they are capable of being invested with any meaning which the unfulfilled or repressed wishes of the individuals who are thus appealed to, give to them. They are, therefore, perfectly adapted to serve as rationalizations for the release of primitive, egoistic impulses in

[9]E. D. Martin, *The Behavior of Crowds*, 1920.

individuals, and for the concealment or justification of the anti-social behaviour to which these impulses lead. There is no doubt that Mr. Martin has made an important addition to our understanding of crowd-behaviour which had previously been explained mainly in terms of suggestion, imitation, and communicated emotion.

V

What shall we say of the prospects of democracy, which must depend for the direction of national policy upon agreement produced by intelligent discussion, on the part of fellow-citizens, of problems of common concern? In two of the three kinds of agreement we have reviewed, reason plays a necessary part. But in one of these two, the last-mentioned, intelligence is employed, rational consistency is deferred to, merely to obtain a socially acceptable excuse for the pursuit of selfish interest and desire. Hence we may say with truth that in two out of three of the main types of agreement, it is not the common intelligence of mankind which is the determining factor but rather the diverse and often opposing impulses, wishes, attitudes, and ambitions of individuals. We must further admit that mechanical devices for extending the range, enlarging the content, and quickening the *tempo* of communication among men have, for the present at least, increased the influence of the non-rational forms of agreement at the expense of the rational. What recourse has democracy in circumstances such as these? To improved methods of education, say most writers who still have hope for democratic institutions. But how shall education adapt itself to the new conditions of social life which have been so suddenly thrust upon us?

Certainly not, I should say, by turning over these new mechanical agencies for the wholesale dissemination and

reinforcement of meaningful social stimuli to the tender mercies of the propagandist, the advertising specialist, the "public relations" expert, the commercial purveyor of public entertainment, and concentrating its efforts on the training of a saving remnant by the old and well-tried methods of personal instruction and guidance. Assuredly, the few fitted by natural capacity for leadership must continue to receive the latter type of education if they are to gain the full use of their powers of constructive thought and social invention. But in the discharge of its larger responsibility to the general population, education must make haste to avail itself in the largest possible degree of every instrument created by modern invention for the rapid, large-scale transmission of facts, of ideas, of plans and purposes, of artistic productions of all kinds. And in preparation for this great new form of educational enterprise it is of cardinal importance to recognize these newly invented devices for what they are: extensions into the physical world, through mechanical instrumentalities, of those bodily powers of articulate speech, of manual contrivance and invention, and of aesthetic-emotional expression, by which man communicates to his fellows his beliefs and opinions, his practical aims and methods, his feelings and emotions.

All the mechanical devices for the transmission of fact and opinion—radio, news-reel, newspaper press with telephone and telegraph service, bill-board and illuminated sign—what are these but such extensions through physical intermediaries of man's powers of articulate speech, oral and written? And the modern machinery for the production and distribution in unprecedented quantity and variety of economic necessities and luxuries, and for the organization of human activities in the vast and intricate network of the modern city and nation, what is this but a

similar extension of man's powers of manual contrivance and invention? The devices for the mechanical reproduction of natural scenery, pictorial art, musical composition, and dramatic performance—chiefly, of course, the sound-film and radio—what are they but physical extensions of man's powers of aesthetic-emotional perception and expression?

If, then, these mechanical agencies are in veritable fact just extensions of the bodily organs of speech, of practical invention, and of aesthetic-emotional expression, by which we communicate our thoughts, our purposes, and our feelings, it follows that they can and should be used to promote the larger realization of those personal and social values which may possibly be realized through such intercommunication—the values of true insight and mutual understanding to be realized through the fuller and freer exchange of ideas in discussion, the values of comradeship in productive labour to be realized through an extended and more thoroughgoing co-operation in industry and in government, the values of beauty and enlightened human sympathy to be realized through aesthetically-appreciative enjoyment. In other words, there is no reason why these agencies should not be utilized to facilitate the second form of agreement by intelligent discussion, rationally-directed collaboration, and enlightened sympathy, and every reason why in the present plight of democracy they should be. Indeed, it is hard to see how democratic government can be preserved unless they are so utilized. Just how they can be efficaciously employed to advance the ends of co-operative thinking, action, and appreciation, is for leaders of education in our time to discover. Conceivably education may have something to learn from the arts of propaganda.

IN UNKNOWN QUEBEC

A. R. M. Lower

EVERYONE who has come up the St. Lawrence has been impressed by the beauty of that magnificent river. After the first landfall has been made, as the shores begin to close in from either side, the mountains throw their masses of blue into the sky, mile after mile of them beckoning the traveller on, into the heart of a great continent. Surely no other country has a more splendid ocean gateway than Canada. Over long distances the glistening shapes of houses reveal themselves, and sometimes the ship is close enough in to enable details to be seen. At such points dormer-windows or curved roofs or huge stone chimneys proclaim bits of the old world in the new. No wonder tourist literature has damned the province lying on either bank with the adjective "quaint."

To most of the tourists returning from Europe that part of their country lying below Montreal is probably nothing more, and never becomes anything more, than a brief space of beauty (and quaintness) seen from the deck of their ship. To most other English-speaking Canadians it never becomes even that: it is simply a vague *terra incognita* "where the French live." Yet here dwell a people with whose fate that of Canada as a whole is bound up, whose actions can make or mar the future of the common country.

Just at present something is stirring among these people. The political life of the province of Quebec has never been remarkable for the even tenor of its way, but while the speeches and the demonstrations may be no more noisy than they have often been in the past, there now seems to be some spirit behind them, that has not been there before. What is it?

Here is a community of two million and a half French-speaking Roman Catholics who have sprung from an original stock of some ten thousand immigrants, mostly from the north of France. Two centuries of inbreeding have made them singularly homogeneous, bound them together into a community whose singleness of purpose, of ambition, and of will surpasses that of their English-speaking fellow-citizens, who have come from all quarters of the British Isles and Europe, and, under the influence of a materialistic individualism, have never had a chance to develop communal solidarity. But while the English Canadian, either indirectly before emigration or directly since, has received and welcomed the effects of every great human upheaval of the last four hundred years, the French Canadian has never felt the full weight of any of them. It was at the height of the French counter-reformation of the seventeenth century, when Catholic pietism had reached its zenith, that he left his native Normandy or Brittany, provinces untouched by the Protestant Reformation, and little touched by that other and even greater revolutionary movement, the Renaissance. Before the intellectual ferment of eighteenth-century France had had time to cross the ocean, he found himself under an alien flag. That flag cut him off from the French Revolution. The French Revolution itself, by recreating France, cut him off from France. He never had any experience comparable with the vast upheaval in seventeenth-century England, in which the battle for parliamentary supremacy was won, and which, passed on by the English people to their colonists, explains so much of our institutional heritage. But he has had the bad fortune to be "sideswiped," as it were, by one of the by-products of that Puritan Revolution, namely, English industrialism. To him, the In-

dustrial Revolution, the machine age, has come in the unwelcome form of the English-speaking capitalist, who has flourished in Quebec since 1760, and who has always known how to profit from the simplicity, the faith, and the industry of the *habitant*. As a paradise for the manufacturer seeking cheap labour and freedom from strikes, Quebec was not discovered yesterday.

Living with a people superior to him in initiative and energy, and one quite willing complacently to believe itself the superior race, the French Canadian for a century and three-quarters has had to face the spectre of domination and exploitation. In social, commercial, and industrial life, it has been the lot of the Frenchman to be the servant; of the Englishman—or more frequently, the Scotsman—to be the master. "Jack Boyd, notre brave gaillard, nous emmenera," runs the chorus of one of their river-driver folk-songs. "Jack Boyd" is a typical figure. As long as the relationship was that of foreman to workmen, or even of patriarchal, semi-feudal employer to employee, such as existed on the Saguenay a century ago between the original William Price and his men, things went smoothly enough, for the relationship was direct. The simple *habitant* worked hard, had a large family, and put his responsibilities upon the twin shoulders of priest and industrialist. Neither failed him. He never made any money (though his employer and his church did), but he was more or less looked after, even when times were hard.

To-day, with inconsiderable exceptions, that old relationship no longer exists. The lumberman and timber-merchants have given way to great corporations: pulp and paper companies and power companies. Other industries, such as the textile industry, have grown up. The employee still works hard, but the old relationship has gone,

replaced by the hard "hire-and-fire" philosophy of machine industry, completely ready to take full advantage of the low material standards by which the *habitant's* horizon is bounded, and willing to placate in the proper way a clergy which up to the present has been complacent. Probably even yet, not very many of the workers themselves understand the spirit of the new industrial *régime.* But bitter experience will soon enlighten them.

They will, moreover, soon be enlightened by their leaders, more and more of whom are becoming apprised of the situation and are in rebellion against it. The attack on industrialism comes from two directions, from the intellectuals and nationalists and from a section of the clergy. The middle term of these three could possibly be applied to both the other groups. The clergy themselves are divided. Those who have great wealth, as some of the monastic orders have, with much money invested in bonds and stocks, are probably not anxious to see very much change in the present situation. Those who are close to the people, the parish priests and the younger clergy generally, who include a large proportion of strong nationalists, are, apparently, becoming restless. They have seen great areas of land granted to the paper companies, and although they have been powerful enough to insist on the prior claims of settlement, still they face sharply an issue between two entirely different ways of life. For them, the all-important thing is to have the *habitant* continue his attack on the forest, clearing his few acres year by year, gradually building up new parishes in the north, new centres of the faith and of the race, producing more families and therefore more votes in the age-long struggle to perpetuate and strengthen French influence. English industrialism cares not a whit for French racial ideals, and not very much for social ideals

of any kind. It wishes to keep the forests for its own purposes, and in carrying out those purposes some of the companies have been needlessly tactless. Thus when the power developments on the Saguenay were undertaken, much land was flooded, and although monetary compensation was given, that did not compensate for the loss of the soil on which French-speaking people had lived.

To the intellectual, what irks is the humiliation, the suggestion of inferiority, the implied dominance contained in English capitalistic exploitation. "After all," says he, "Quebec is a French province, and you English—whether you be English-speaking Canadians or Americans matters little—come in here, organize your companies, underpay our people, keep all the good jobs for yourselves, and indirectly—and probably by corruption—dominate our politics. You refuse to speak our language; you keep all your books and records in English, and you are obviously rolling in wealth—wealth which some of you do not use in a very edifying way. Our fellow Canadians are even worse offenders than the Americans. For the American companies are prepared to give anybody a chance, whatever his race, providing he can 'make good;' but the Canadian companies are inclined to discriminate against their French-Canadian compatriots." It naturally makes little difference if this sort of allegation is not entirely correct.

The intellectual is jealous of his English opposite number. No wonder. In the city of Quebec, the English-speaking Protestant community, a mere handful of three or four thousand, consists largely of "key" people and their dependents, in other words of people with good jobs, living in a disproportionate share of the best houses, owning a disproportionate share of the fine cars, keeping pretty rigidly to themselves, cold-shouldering all the

French but the socially *élite*, often not even taking the trouble to learn the language which thirteen out of fourteen citizens speak as their mother tongue. The city of Quebec is an extreme example, but its conditions exist in greater or less degree wherever the two races meet. The street-cleaners are everywhere French, and the millionaires English.

"Why?" asks the young intellectual, nowadays often in desperate economic circumstances. "Because the English conquered us, and have been helping themselves to the good things of French Canada ever since. But this has got to stop. Quebec must be handed back to her own children."

It is of little use trying to tell him that his explanation is only partly true, and that he himself is not without blame. For, of course, he is in great part to blame, he and his people collectively. This race which has allowed four great revolutions to go over its head and which has been hit on the head by a fifth, is a unique survival, for it is still living in the middle ages. One will encounter nothing quite like it in France, or in all Europe unless in such a country as Lithuania. This statement does not refer solely to the material standard of living, but to the entire philosophy, the considered way of life of the French Canadian. Here is to be found a Catholic pietism as sincere, as narrow, as moral, as austere as ever the Christian Church has had to show. Different in form and detail, but virtually the same in spirit, the puritanism from which English-speaking Canada has been shaking itself free since the War, still reigns supreme in French Canada. As a result, thought is confined to carefully regulated channels; literature becomes a matter of romantic novels, tepid poetry, or stylistic criticism; and art, an exercise in sentiment. Persons wishing to verify

this description have only to look at Suzor-Coté's pretty little pictures in the National Gallery at Ottawa. The free winds of thought which blow through much (not all, unfortunately) of the higher education of the English-speaking world are absent in French Canada. Thus the Rector of the University of Montreal, in making a reference to Communism within the universities, recently declared that he could not agree at all with the President of the University of Alberta, who had stated that it was not the province of the university to teach students what to think, but how to think. To teach people what to think is, of course, the Roman Catholic ideal, and no doubt there is a great deal to be said for it. No doubt a great civilization and culture can be—have been—based on it, providing that there is a willingness to make some compromise with the world as it is.

Up to the present, French Canada has not been willing to make that compromise. It has preferred to wrap itself up in its traditions, vainly hoping that the tide would stop advancing at its command. It has rooted itself in the past, lived on its past, forgotten about its future except as a perpetuation of its past. Its education, called classical, is classical only in a sense. No one can read the great classics without becoming somewhat emancipated both from provincialism and authoritarianism, but in Quebec the scholastic and medieval ideal, rather than the classical, obtains. Education is devoted, first, to training apt pupils for the priesthood, and secondly, to turning out cultured men of letters of a rather old-fashioned pattern. Many of the latter go into law and in due course become briefless barristers. Such men in all countries, and at all times, have been centres of discontent, for they have good abilities, ambition, and little to do. Any wise civil dispensation will try to make

provision for them. Unfortunately, in Quebec the supply has long since outrun the demand.

Although in no province is the supply of lawyers and other professionals exactly inadequate, nowhere else is the problem they present so pressing as in Quebec. English-speaking Canada has many—not too many—outlets for its young men. It has its engineers, its scientists, its technicians of every variety. Its youths, even when possessed of expensive education, do not hesitate to go into business. But in Quebec, a college degree sets you above the crowd; you become one of the *élite*, and even yet it is still hardly the thing to descend to commerce. This is a fine and true ideal, for there is nothing more certain than that a genuine education cuts away all foundation for the silly hurly-burly, the jungle-world called "business." Nevertheless, it is an impossible ideal. It is in essence the ideal of the cultured aristocrat, a type which has been able to flourish only under very special conditions, such as the great stability of Victorian England or the ruthlessness and fierce love of life in Renaissance Italy. Quebec is haunted by the vision of an idyllic pastoral state; she suffers under what may be termed (with Longfellow's sugary epic in mind) the curse of "Evangeline-ism," and hopes, or has hoped, to solve her problems by drawing the mantle of her own virtue about her and lying down to pleasant dreams. Not until she unfolds her arms and accepts life willingly, will she have her due place in Confederation.

Meanwhile all the best jobs in business, and most of those of a technical nature, go to English-speaking people. The poor and ambitious young lawyer, who is naturally quite unqualified as a mineralogist or a forestry expert, is vexed and turns to the safety-valve of public life, either on the platform or through the press. Not infrequently,

like many an English Canadian too, he subsides into acceptance of a berth under his government. With a comfortable office, a stenographer, and a telephone, he becomes a functionary, and a person of esteem if not of importance.

While he has been having his fling, he has kicked up considerable dust and the burden of his song has invariably been the same, "Notre race, notre foi, nos lois." The motto of *Le Canadien* of a hundred and thirty years ago would serve equally well to-day. "En quoi consiste le patriotisme dans la province de Québec?" asks a recent essayist in *L'Action Catholique*. He explains that the fatherland consists in "la race qui est la communauté d'origine et de sang, le territoire, l'Etat, la langue, les idées et les traditions, une fusion et communauté d'idées, resultant des mêmes conceptions économiques et politiques de la vie." "La religion est en effet le plus precieux de notre héritage moral. . . ." Here is the whole round of ideas on which the French-Canadian edifice has been built and which have given it its strength. They have been ceaselessly reiterated, generation after generation, and no deviation from them has been permitted. When the editor of a leading newspaper, a few years ago, published a harmless little romance in which he aimed a few shots at clerical control of education and of outlook, his book was condemned by the then Archbishop of Quebec, and he himself was forced to give up his editorial chair. But he was given an important post by M. Taschereau and did not find himself socially ostracized. Does this indicate that the time may be approaching when real freedom of criticism will obtain? Probably not, for this gentleman was one of a very small group. But it indicates that there are undercurrents.

These undercurrents, the present depression has been

bringing to the top. They are not to our liking, perhaps, but why should they be? In nature, they reflect the conflicts of the outer world. In Montreal there is even a small Communist group which manages to support a newspaper, *Clarté*. But even *Clarté* is cautious in its anti-clericalism and has a certain savour of nationalism about it. Since it is now proclaiming itself the journal of the newly organized *Front populaire*, its tone will no doubt tend to moderate. Still its very existence is significant.

On the other extreme are ephemeral journals avowedly Fascist and separatist, such as *La Nation* of Quebec, and *Le Patriote* of Montreal. *Le Patriote* appears to be popular journalism, nourishing the most extreme forms of anti-Semitism, but *La Nation*, although extreme, is well and vigorously written. Who finances it, is obscure. The programme of the race could hardly be carried much farther than in its columns. Confederation was a betrayal, and the Dominion is a failure. Men who compromise with the English are anathema. M. Taschereau, said the editor in an interview, was "public enemy No. 1," and M. Lapointe is "No. 2." So far is this sentiment carried that these young writers are anxious to forget what English they know, and in the author's personal experience are barely able to receive a fellow Canadian of English descent with courtesy. The tendency towards centralization of power at Ottawa must be reversed, they contend, and Quebec must have complete control of her own life, political and economic. All "foreign" companies—and the term includes Canadian companies controlled by English Canadians—must be driven out or taken over. Places must be found for all the deserving young men. One wonders whether, if places were found for the deserving young men behind the movement, it might not rather quickly evaporate.

But while the more extreme aspects of Fascism, such as Jew-baiting, Anglophobia, and the extraordinarily provincial outlook which would build a Chinese wall around French Canada and preserve it forever as a medieval, Roman Catholic, Latin, and pastoral community, are probably not overly widespread among the people at large, it would be a mistake not to believe in the reality of French-Canadian nationalism, and with much of its programme it is difficult not to sympathize. A cultured French Canadian recently exclaimed to the writer, "We are a young people. We have no art, no literature, no drama, no characteristics; we are nothing." From the Fascist camp one of the young men of *La Nation* waxes indignant over the vulgarization of the language. "When I sit down to write, I can hardly be sure that I shall be able to exclude English barbarisms from my style," he says. "Why must we sit quietly by and see our Latin culture vulgarized by English influences, and our language bastardized by English? We are going to make Quebec a completely French province, and your English companies, if they continue to exist, will have to do business here just as an American company does in Mexico—within the legal and linguistic limits of their surroundings."

There is no doubt about the bastardizing of the language, which often takes extremely curious shapes. *Le Soleil* in reporting the Schmeling-Louis boxing-bout declared that Louis "a été knockouté." The present writer has a very choice little collection of such specimens, culled from day-to-day experience. "By gosh, c'est rotten luck," exclaims one labourer to another. A man steps up to a grocer's counter in a small Quebec town not far from Ottawa. "Donnez-moi un couple de cans de corn beef," he says. We English might object to this kind of hybrid too—though, incidentally, English Cana-

dians have not the slightest trace of pride in their own variety of the tongue, and never dream of resisting the intrusion of Americanisms, which come in so rapidly that one of these days we shall probably all be speaking in the Jewish-Irish-Negro idiom of New York. Possibly we could take a leaf out of our French friend's book.

"If English-speaking Canadians really decided at long last to be Canadians and not merely Britishers overseas, would this make any difference in the attitude of the French?" a young Fascist editor was asked. It was the only point of contact between the two races to which he made the least response, and to it he did seem to make some slight response. Apart from extremists of the type we have described, there is very probably a large body of opinion in Quebec which would feel itself more at home within the Dominion, and as having more in common with English Canada, if it were assured that the English Canadian had committed himself as irrevocably to his country as had the French Canadian. The uneasy suspicion that the English Canadian is not really a Canadian, that he will in an emergency put the Empire before Canada, does a good deal to lessen the interest of the French in building bridges between the two peoples. In fact, to many French Canadians it would come as a surprise to learn that there was an English-Canadian people, distinct from the English. Not all, but some of the nationalism of Quebec may be ascribed to the failure of the rest of the country to rise to the concept of Confederation—in other words to the dignity of the full stature of nationhood.

Possibly the opportunity for a joint future in a great country has gone past. M. Bourassa was once a narrow nationalist. He is now a "Pan-Canadian"—and in becoming so has largely lost his influence with his own

people. A French member of parliament told the writer that every young Frenchman in Canada began as an ardent nationalist, but as he grew up and moved about, he tended to widen out his sympathies to embrace the whole country. That may be so, and the present movement may go the way of similar ones before it. On the other hand, racial pride, the Church, the memory of a historic past, in which English attempts at oppression (such as the Riel affair, the bilingual issue, and conscription in 1917) constitute no mean part, and a rapid awakening to the seamy side of English capitalism—all these present most formidable obstacles. "We have nothing in common with you," say the separatists, "neither language, traditions, ways of life, religion, culture, economic interests, or anything else. Why go on? The comedy is played out."

More moderate French Canadians do not subscribe to so sweeping a declaration. They admit the differences, but believe that there is room for both races in the Dominion and that there is still a possibility of building a great country which shall provide a better life for all its citizens than could a series of miserable provinces. They argue frankly that if the Confederation were broken, annexation would be just around the corner. But as one of them says, his "people will decide the issue on their interests. If they were to be convinced that they would be better off separated, they would be for separation, for sentiment would not restrain them—and in any case a sentiment which condemns people to misery and unhappiness has no validity and no power of endurance. If the young men are successful, we may become separatist. But at present it looks as if they did not represent very much but themselves."

The same gentleman was asked about the attitude of the Church. "Most of the younger clergy are national-

ist," he answered. But it is inconceivable that the Church as an institution, loyal though it is to the concept of race, could welcome a philosophy which is closer to Nazi-ism than to Italian Fascism. A movement which has as its first principle, the one-ness of the race or nation, the unity of all its being, which talks about establishing the corporative state, is not far from the doctrine of the totalitarian state. State *versus* church is a burning issue in modern Germany, and even the Pope, it is said, has to walk warily in the presence of Mussolini. Thus sooner or later the logic of their principles must force the young men to face a contest with the Church. *La Nation* has been very diplomatic in its references to things ecclesiastical and has kept the separatist Abbé Groulx well up in front as a screen for its pronouncements, but one at least of its editors was thought to be anti-clerical before the paper was launched.

That brings up the final and most interesting question. What is it that is waiting to be born in the province of Quebec? Is it just a new version of old-fashioned nationalism? Is it merely economic discontent? Are the hammer-blows of the industrial revolution breaking something? Is the shell of medievalism cracking? Is this extraordinary structure of racialism, religion, piety, scholasticism, paternalism, and authoritarianism, this simple peasant life, this golden age of urbane, though old-fashioned culture, of priestly predominance, domestic propriety, and large families, this cloistered existence which has let the world roll by, this virtual theocracy—is all this on the move? Are the secular influences of the turbulent world beyond the threshold beginning to work their will? Time alone can tell, but it seems against history to believe that there can exist forever in this quickly contracting globe of ours, "a land where all things always seem the same."

PINDAR AND THE PROBLEM OF FREEDOM

B. R. English

THE question of human freedom has forced itself upon minds in every age, and all history is littered with tentative and partial solutions of the problem. In the realm of practical affairs the answer invariably assumes one form; and energetic leaders in modern public life join hands across the ages with those political realists in fifth-century Athens who declared that men rule wherever they can by a necessary law of their nature. Invariably, also, this crude elucidation of the problem in terms of power presently comes to demand a form of intellectual statement more in accord with the professions and pious wishes of civilized society. Hence arises a philosophy whose function is to reinforce power-politics by means of an intellectual structure wherein the conscience of men who have in part emerged from the level of brutes may find comfortable asylum. Power, crude and uncultured in the beginning, becomes conservative with old age, and reaches after the garb of respectability. Eventually it comes to seek a greater degree of stability by means of decentralization, and regularizes its position by making use of those forms of expression which meet with universal acceptance, such as constitutional government and codified law.

There have, of course, been other answers to the same question throughout the course of history. Where power for some reason is lacking, freedom (with which justice is usually associated) looks for a mode of expression more in accord with its own impotence. Sometimes it assumes an idealistic form which disregards concrete facts; and in seeking to establish an existence and efficacy in a world

which transcends ordinary experience, it has invariably found a faithful ally in religion.

In any case freedom is never identified for long with licentious irresponsibility. The casting off of one yoke is considered but a prelude to the assumption of another: mere emancipation is not enough, and freedom always involves, sooner or later, a rigid discipline of its own formulation. The problem is, therefore, at once fundamental and universal, and proper understanding of particular local manifestations can proceed only from a knowledge of the universal as embodied in history. It is also true, however, that one example sheds light upon another, and it is for this reason that we may feel justified in pausing to consider one instance which occurred during the early years of the fifth century B.C., when the Greeks were defending their right to exist as a free people against the threat of Persian domination. Ideas on the subject of human freedom such as those expounded by Pindar never die. They recur periodically, though accidental differences in form prevent their immediate recognition.

I

The conflict with Persia represents a critical juncture in the history of Greece. As a result of its impact, the Greeks were suddenly ushered into a new world. Many of the factors which had hitherto determined life among them—such as the jealous guarding of local interests and the uncompromising claim on the part of each city-state to control its own affairs—became relatively unimportant in the face of an external menace which threatened life itself. A congress of representatives met at the Isthmus in the autumn of 481 B.C., and, although hampered by the abstention of many powerful states, endeavoured to formulate a Panhellenic policy. Common fear resulted in an effective measure of concerted action, and the

danger was ultimately overcome. But so deep-rooted were the prejudices and habits of the Greeks on the mainland that the majority of them awoke in 479 B.C. as from an evil dream, and desired nothing better than to relapse into their former condition of city-state sectionalism. The cities of Asia Minor and the Aegean were forced by the danger of their geographical position to favour a more permanent arrangement for federal action; but so stubborn were the old traditions that the new idea introduced at this point was destined to rend Greece asunder before the close of the century.

Thus it may be said that the *fundamentum divisionis* in the Greek world of 479 B.C. was the manner in which men viewed the crisis through which they had lately passed. On the one hand, it was regarded as a triumphant vindication of city-state organization: the institutions which had effected such a remarkable co-ordination of human virtues should be diligently preserved and defended against any change in the future. On the other hand, some were bound to stress the defects of those same institutions. Only thirty-one states, for the most part small and relatively weak, had succeeded in burying local differences in order to unite for the common cause. Cities like Thebes were rendered impotent by internal dissension, and political considerations had prevented Sicily, Corcyra, and Argos from undertaking any share in the enterprise. Moreover, Greece was saved because Athens had built up a navy out of all proportion to her requirements as a city-state. Such a view of events would naturally suggest a repudiation of policies that had so nearly brought disaster. There remained many excellent features connected with city organization, but Salamis and Plataea could not be regarded as vindicating city-state life in its entirety: they would mark, for liberal-

minded citizens, the beginning of a new era in political relationships.

Thus there resulted a new orientation in national outlook. Champions of the old order were not all, like Sparta, inarticulate in their passionate antagonism to the new movement. In Pindar there appeared a most eloquent exponent of their cause, and it was he who unawares placed the issue of freedom in a clear light. Born of the aristocratic Aegeidae, at Cynoscephalae, near Thebes, in 518 B.C., Pindar lived through eighty years of vital change in Greece. At an early age he was profoundly affected by the life-and-death struggle taking place about him, and, as we should expect, there is a marked Panhellenism woven into the fabric of his thought. It must be recognized that in singing the praises of heroes who represent different parts of the Greek world he is clearly conscious of a character and point of view which are common to all Greeks, and which also distinguish them from other peoples. But his national sympathies, if such they may be called, go no further than this, and never involve any political consequences. In this, Pindar merely reflects the general outlook. The attitude of Delphi is notorious. Devotion to the common cause hung by a perilously feeble thread at all times, and would inevitably have disappeared had it not been for the energetic reinforcement provided by Themistocles' foresight and ingenuity. After the crisis had passed, the motives of the participants were naturally glorified, and such idealization tended to obscure the factors of fear and material interest which actually determined the course of events.

Moreover, it is easy to place too much emphasis even on Pindar's belief in the distinctive character and ideals of all Greeks. By a felicitous use of his art he does help

to consolidate a sense of spiritual unity among his countrymen; and yet he also seems to be carried beyond national boundaries by the religion and psychology which he professes. Delphi had long since found the limits of the Greek world too narrow for the scope of its ambition. Similarly, Pindar, in formulating a universal scheme (universal because psychological) according to which the life of mortals may be interpreted,[1] reaches a point where mere barriers of state or nation have no meaning. *Koros*, *hybris*, and *ate* constitute just as much a danger for the Carthaginians and Etruscans as for Hieron of Syracuse. The vagaries of fortune, also, dispensing now good, now evil, according to no certain rule, and the beneficent influence of *aidos*, child of foresight, recognize no limits either within the Greek world or outside it.

We must remember that Pindar as a poet was occupied in celebrating artistically the whole spiritual legacy of Greece. He would not feel justified in omitting any phase of Greek life, which helped in stimulating the imagination and emotions of his countrymen. Hence it would be a mistake to search for too logical a connection between his speculations. But his national sentiment is of vital significance, and in order to understand it we

[1]Pindar held the view that human nature responds to certain stimuli in a uniform manner. For example, inordinate prosperity, *olbos*, disturbs that mental and moral equilibrium which is indispensable to the individual if he is to resist the fatal power of passion. Perfect balance, moderation, the rational government of one's affections; these, according to the Greek view, are the factors that distinguish civilized man from barbarian. Passion is a good servant but a bad master; once in control it hurries its miserable victim into ruin. *Olbos* soon produces a state of mind which derives no satisfaction from things permissible. Appetite is cloyed, and a fatal restlessness supervenes. This state is called *koros*, and in turn breeds a spirit of mischief, *hybris*, of which insolent pride forms a part. Such pride cares nothing for the laws of god or man, and once its victim reaches this stage there is little hope for him; he is led from excess to excess until finally in blindness of heart, *ate*, he plunges to destruction. See *Olympians* I. 55-7; VII. 44 *ff.*; 89 *ff.*; XIII. 6-10; *Pythians* I. 71 *ff.*; II. 25 *ff.*

must consider his politics, an examination of which will enable us to see the poet in his proper historical setting.

As a poet he has no immediate concern with politics, but various passages in the odes clearly reflect a political creed. He refers with pride to the long history of the aristocratic Aegeidae,[2] and becomes ill at ease when considering the narrow policies of the oligarchical cabal in Thebes during the Persian invasion, preferring the *noblesse oblige* of earlier aristocracies where privilege was considered in the light of responsibility.[3] Composing an ode in honour of Hieron of Syracuse, the poet expresses the belief that individual virtue will triumph under any form of government, "at the tyrant's court; where the raging crowd is in control; or where the wise have care of the state."[4] A glance at the terms employed shows at once where his preference lies. Indeed, it is inconceivable that any democratic principle should be acceptable to Pindar. Men are brave and wise according to fate,[5] and while few have won without toil the joy of life, the hero is actually born for prowess.[6] Where God so clearly discriminates in apportioning his gifts, aristocracy would appear to be a natural form of government. But since even among the more favoured few some enjoy a richer endowment of virtue than others, the best government would proceed from a very small minority—perhaps even from the best man. Pindar accepts this logical conclusion, but is at once confronted with serious practical difficulties. The particular form of excellence which places a tyrant in political control differs from other virtues: desirable from a moral or aesthetic standpoint, they lack that particular quality which could place their possessor in a position of pre-eminence. Goodness, like the good man, has no

[2] *Pyth.* V. 73; *Isthmians* VII. 14.
[3] *Pyth.* XI. 53 *ff.*
[4] *Pyth.* II. 86-8.
[5] *Ol.* VIII. 28.
[6] *Ol.* X. 20.

power of itself to help itself. It must come to terms with other more forceful virtues if it is to wield any influence. The very position of the tyrant is also fraught with peculiar danger. Power and wealth by themselves tend to corrupt their holder, and some restraining influence is necessary if *hybris* and *ate* are to be avoided. Thus Pindar seeks to make tyranny self-regulative by introducing a judicious blend of moral virtue.

In this the poet was not far removed politically from Homer. His affinity with the heroic spirit is seen in a variety of ways, but in none so clearly as in his glorification of individual achievement. Pelops regarded life without glory as no life;[7] and the expressed hope that victory after victory might crown the efforts of both poet and tyrant, suggests that Pindar in putting such faith in individual prowess was spiritually at one with the heroes of old. Immortality consists in the fame secured by artistic celebration: "When a man, Hagesidamus, who has performed noble exploits, comes to the house of Hades without the fame which song affords, he has gained but little pleasure from his effort, his strength being spent in vain."[8] "When men are dead it is only the loud acclaim of praise that survives and reveals their mode of life."[9] Wealth, honour, and glory are to be desired above all other things,[10] and they can be won only in this life. Under such conditions the individual, in common with his heroic forbears, can regard social restrictions only as an obstacle to the full expression of personality. He wishes to shake himself free from common rules which merely drag him down to a common level. In his splendid isolation he is a law unto himself. Law and justice have their seat only in the individual heart, as in the case of

[7] *Ol.* I. 81 *ff.*
[8] *Ol.* X. 91-3.
[9] *Pyth.* I. 94.
[10] *Pyth.* II. 56.

Thrasybulus, who is guided in the exercise of power only by those sanctions which he chooses to recognize.[11]

Thus, even in the life of the city, justice and peace can never be guaranteed as by an accepted body of constitutional rules. Freedom of expression will be for those who are able to marshal sufficient force to attain their ends, and in the exercise of power the determining factor will be personal inclination. Pindar, enjoying the favour of his patrons, is content to leave justice and wise behaviour in the hands of *aidos*, unmindful of the fact that *aidos*, though sired by Discernment, is too often still-born. Law and justice in the community are only the reflection of similar qualities in the individual heart. But, as the history of tyrannies shows, generous instincts usually involve too great a personal sacrifice and for this reason rarely triumph over less amiable qualities.

Greek tyrants enjoy a well-deserved reputation for fostering the arts, and Pindar may perhaps be forgiven for allowing the charm and elation of his own peculiar position to obscure the serious drawbacks implicit in the system. For he was, after all, a tyrant in his little world and not too much disposed to encourage contestants for his crown. Ultimately, however, he was dependent upon patronage, and the grace and dignity with which he accepts favours can never quite obscure the ambiguity of his position.

Now if Pindar lagged so far behind the local developments of his day in matters of social and political life, how infinitely remote was he from the spirit which envisaged a really united Greece. The short ode in honour of Megacles of Athens[12] illustrates the extent to which his thinking is bedevilled by out-worn notions of personal freedom. The problem which commanded the

[11] *Pyth.* VI. 44 *ff.*

[12] *Pyth.* VII.

attention of Greece at the beginning of the fifth century was really concerned with liberty rather than with freedom. That is to say, the time had come to place some check upon the irresponsible expression of personal inclination in order that common safeguards could render permanent the proper enjoyment of common freedom in reasonably full measure. Freedom tends to over-reach itself, but liberty is stable, based upon compromise and conformity to law. Pindar regards ostracism as a gratuitous attack upon individual freedom. Envy, which can brook no form of excellence, was thought to be responsible for Megacles' banishment.[13] But the original purpose of ostracism was to check excessive ambition, and thus to preserve liberty for all.[14] Whatever its later history, ostracism could at least claim rational justification in the case of Megacles, whose sympathetic association with the exiled Pisistratids constituted a real menace to Athenian liberty. Pindar, of course, would not agree. With his obsolete gospel of free enterprise he was endangering the very condition of life which rendered it possible. Such freedom inevitably fashions a noose for its own neck; but Pindar remained quite unaware of the consequences of his doctrine. He failed to see that a much surer measure of individual freedom, more secure from foes within and without, could be gained in submission to a sterner public discipline. The effort of Athens in trying to persuade the separatists to make good their professions of Panhellenism by committing themselves to common responsibilities, was the only way to ensure a condition of life where freedom could flourish permanently. This effort was none the less praiseworthy because of its tragic failure.

His philosophy of the individual earns Pindar the

[13] *Pyth.* VII. 17 *ff.*

[14] Aristotle, *Politics* 1284a; 1302b.

right to be ranged with Hesiod as a champion of the ancient order, and such doctrine continued to obstruct humanistic development at all points throughout the fifth century. Political liberalism in the tradition of Solon and Cleisthenes, implemented by Pericles, struggled valiantly against those reactionary forces which were disrupting the life of the *poleis* singly as well as collectively, and it is a little ironical that the city-state should owe its cohesiveness in the fifth century to the political sagacity of two outstanding Alcmaeonids, and its disruption in no small measure to the political irresponsibility of a third; for Alcibiades remains the greatest exponent of Pindar's political philosophy.

Thus for Pindar the Persian War represented a climax rather than a crisis. Just as the sacred games brought out all that was most noble in human virtue, so the struggle with Persia was regarded by him as providing a supreme occasion for the final glorification of the heroic spirit. Just as with Pindar the choral lyric was perfected, so the spirit which it exemplified experienced its final triumph. It remained for others to profit fully from the warning which had so thoroughly unnerved Greece before 480 B.C., and, not neglecting the gift of God,[15] to bend every effort towards securing her position for the future.

In this criticism of Pindar's national sentiment we have tried to indicate his reactionary view of freedom as a political factor in Greek life. Ultimately, however, there was for him no problem of state as such; he was concerned rather with the problem of the individual. Thus in order to gain any proper understanding of his view of life, we must turn at this point to a brief examination of his psychology.

[15]Herodotus VII. 139.

II

What, precisely is Pindar's view of human nature? To what extent is the individual subject to forces outside his control, and how does such subjection affect his freedom of action? It is stated that we owe our entry into the world to the goddess Ilithyia in association with the Fates. But our lots in life are not equal, fettered as we are by fate in the chain of destiny.[1] Fate is often referred to as a function of "nature." It is by the gift of nature that noble spirits shine forth to view,[2] and natural virtue of this kind is contrasted with the counterfeit variety which proceeds from mere training.[3] Now if this were all, if fate or God could be looked upon as decreeing man's essential nature at the outset, there would be little to interfere with individual freedom, since destiny would be almost equivalent to character. In point of fact many pitfalls can be avoided by the exercise of true discretion; and discretion may be learned since human nature tends to respond to common stimuli in a uniform manner.[4] For instance, great prosperity (*olbos*) brought about the ruin of Tantalus. He became surfeited with good things (*koros*) and in blindness of heart (*hybris*) fell upon destruction (*ate*).[5] The fact is that God represents moral law and no man can escape if he transgress it.[6] Forethought, or experiential knowledge (*prometheus*) fosters a reverent consideration for what is moral (*aidos*). This involves a conscious discipline and prevents "strange clouds of forgetfulness" from causing the straight path of duty to be ignored.[7] There is due measure (*metron*)

[1] *Nemeans* VII. 1 *ff.*
[2] *Pyth.* VIII. 45.
[3] *Ol.* X. 100.
[4] See above, sect. I, n. 1.
[5] *Ol.* I. 55 *ff.*
[6] *Ol.* I. 64.
[7] *Ol.* VII. 44 *ff.*

in all things, and it is best above all else to learn the fitting time (*kairos*). *Kairos* represents that happy conjunction of events which allows of successful human action. It can be recognized by the discerning man, but passion dulls perception.[8]

Here, it seems, there is a place for individual freedom within the framework of natural law. Such doctrines do not imply capricious meddling on the part of gods, nor do they involve a thorough-going determinism. Where *olbos*, *koros*, *hybris*, prudence, peace, or justice are personified, or given, as it were, a divine standing, their reality remains purely subjective, as is shown by the fact that their activity is completely governed by the individual's thought and conduct. They merely mark the normal stages in man's development or degeneration. Fate represents the inner compulsion of habitual acts, and although such compulsion gathers momentum as it works, it is always within the range of human ability to stem the tide and divert its flow.

When we consider the means by which men exercise this freedom, however, serious difficulties are encountered. Victory, we are told, does not depend on men alone; God exalts or lays low, as it pleases him.[9] Man's happiness is never secure,[10] a reflection which introduces a strong note of pessimism. What are we, after all, but creatures of a day, shadowy dreams? Only when heaven sends a ray of sunshine can radiant light rest upon men and peaceful life be theirs.[11] So we conclude that misfortunes are not to be explained entirely as natural defects in the human constitution. There are incalculable factors which can be accepted only with resignation. Hieron must learn from traditional wisdom that the immortals

[8] *Ol.* XIII. 47 *ff.*
[9] *Pyth.* VIII. 76.
[10] *Pyth.* VIII. 93.
[11] *Pyth.* VIII. 95-7.

dispense two measures of pain to one of joy. Foolish men cannot bear these trials in an orderly manner, but the noble can, if they look upon the bright side.[12] It seems that the individual is able to exercise only limited control over destiny. Up to a point he may guard against error and frustration, but in the end the course of life is largely determined by factors unpredictable and beyond human control. Pindar is ever anxious to avoid the "envy of the gods," which only means that he is impressed with the incalculability of the future. "Why claim that to be wisdom, in which one man scarcely excels another? It is impossible for the human mind to discover divine purposes, and this is a condition of one's mortal nature."[13] So much depends on Fortune (*tyche*). Indeed she is the saving goddess, daughter of Zeus the Deliverer.[14] Fortune is the giver of all success, and victors in the games do well to pay her proper deference.[15] "Good fortune" is more to be desired than all else:[16] together with fair praise it cherishes the sweetest bloom of life.

Now the virtues which contribute most to human happiness and success are discretion and stoutness of heart. The former (*prometheus*) has already been dealt with, and we may now turn to a consideration of the part that toil (*ponos*: *kamatos*) plays in Pindar's view of life. Alcimedon owed his victory in the boys' wrestling match at Olympia to two factors, "heaven-sent fortune" and his own "manliness."[17] Thus one function of toil or effort is to act as a spur to human achievement. Here again Pindar seems to identify himself definitely with the heroic point of view. Difficulties constitute a challenge to initiative and enterprise, and the continual impacts

[12] *Pyth.* III. 80 *ff.*
[13] *Dithyrambs* 61.
[14] *Ol.* XII. 1.
[15] *Pyth.* VIII. 72; *Nem.* X. 25; *Ol.* XIV. 15.
[16] *Pyth.* I. 99; *Pyth.* II. 56; *Ol.* XIII. 115; *Isth.* V. 13.
[17] *Ol.* VIII. 67.

between man and his environment give rise constantly to new triumphs. Spontaneity, vigour, resourcefulness, and overmastering ambition are called into being and carry the subject on their tide. The practical man *par excellence* emerges with his fetich-worship of success. "In success resides the crown of perfect glory, and the Muse delights to call to mind mighty contests." From this standpoint all struggle merely subserves passion for glory. Political difficulties with which tyrants are faced, obstacles which confront contestants in the sacred games, the formidable threat of Persian domination: all alike come to be regarded as the material out of which heroes are made.[18]

It is, therefore, useless to represent Pindar as the poet of peace.[19] The spirit of rivalry was in his blood. Strife was for him as much an integral part of life as for his Ephesian contemporary, Heraclitus. Strife "stiffens the sinews and summons up the blood;" it proves a man's mettle, and those who triumph experience a congratulatory sense of achievement, itself the very wine of life. If toil and strife represent a fundamental condition of human happiness; if they constitute the necessary challenge to enterprise, then there can hardly be any real distinction between peace and war.[20] War is merely a fuller manifestation of the spirit which actuates men in what is conventionally known as peace. The competitive spirit knows no limit and is a necessary correlative of the philosophy of the individual.

It is also apparent, however, that Pindar recognizes another function of toil. "Any prosperity that mortals experience comes only as a result of toil, yet a god can put an end to such bliss in the twinkling of an eye."[21]

[18] *Ol.* XII; *Ol.* X. 22; *Ol.* I. 106*ff.*; *Ol.* XI. 4; *Pyth.* I. 72*ff.*
[19] R. C. Jebb, "Pindar" in his *Essays and Addresses.*
[20] *Pyth.* II. 6.
[21] *Pyth.* XII. 28.

The gospel of individualism was outworn, and Pindar was constrained to make room for the frustration of human purpose. It is often impossible, owing to some intervention of fortune, to triumph in the ordinary sense over obstacles and adversity. "Many unforeseen things happen to man: some experience reversal of delight, while others, after battling with a sea of troubles, in a short time have exchanged their anguish for deepest joy."[22] Here the poet seems concerned with glory of a different kind, the mystical glory won after grievous trouble, or after suffering which follows in the wake of sin. Diagoras of Rhodes had won his way to renown at Olympia.[23] This victory is shown to have had its counterpart in the experience of Tlepolemus, of the sons of Helios, and of Helios himself. But the victories of these mythical figures are of an unusual order. They are spiritual triumphs, and have to do with that mystical glory which may sometimes shine forth after apparent defeat, error, or wrong-doing. It may happen that if the wheel of fortune turns, the warrior is obliged to adopt the rôle of martyr.

Thus Pindar declares his view of human nature. Utterly opposed to the democratic tendencies of his day, he takes his stand with the ancients in upholding aristocratic excellence. From him we learn no more of the mass of humanity than we do from Homer. He believes that true merit is implanted in only a few mortals at birth, and the function of society as a whole is to ensure perfect freedom of expression for genius. The artist's task is to glorify the supremely practical man and enshrine him in the hearts of all. But the world of Homer had long since passed away, and the growth of commerce had brought with it a more liberal outlook. Inherited characteristics or innate qualities, which Pindar had seen

[22] *Ol.* XII. 10. [23] *Ol.* VII.

fit to stress exclusively, were being challenged by "acquired virtues." The mass of people no longer considered it their duty to sacrifice themselves to the ambition of a privileged minority. With this levelling influence at work, prompted by economic factors and supported by religion, the heroics of Pindar no longer enjoyed a suitable *milieu*. The practical ideals for which the poet stood were no longer practicable, and we recognize his protest in the spiritualization of those virtues which had originally been so eminently concrete.

Pindar remained the slave of an aristocratic tradition. His was the ingenuous exultation of the child when first it becomes conscious of power. He never succeeded in seeing himself in proper relation to his environment. Obliged to come to terms with opposition, he persistently adhered to his protestant individualism, and compromise never involved more than a series of reluctant concessions. The conflict with Persia marked a crisis for Hellenism. The old *laissez-faire* almost ruined the Greek cause, and enterprising minds were not loth to profit from their fortunate escape. For a few brilliant years we witness an attempt on the part of Athens to reconstruct public life in terms of a social rather than an individualistic philosophy. For better or worse the march of events had proved the old ideas untenable, and unless the Greeks were willing to forswear the new privileges and render themselves once more vulnerable to external aggression, they had to accept a much more exacting regimentation. And it is interesting to note that, although fourth-century political philosophers viewed with so much horror the democratic excesses into which Athens unfortunately fell in attempting to establish the new order, they went even further in their prohibition of private rights and in their emphasis upon public order and discipline.

We may say then that Pindar's view of human freedom was antiquated and out of date, if we mean, and only if we mean, that it was marked by a primitiveness characteristic not of an age but of a mentality.

ISOLATION FOR CANADA?

P. E. Corbett

THE year 1936 has brought final proof that the Great Powers are not yet willing on the one hand to make the sacrifices, on the other to take the risks, which effective organization for the preservation of peace involves. Clearly, the Covenant of the League of Nations has in all its most essential aspects been scrapped. We now know that the League (unless it be revivified in sudden realization, scarcely to be expected, that it offers the only means of averting calamity) will not prevent the wars which threaten to break out at any moment in Europe and Asia.

These developments have occasioned in Canada more thinking upon foreign policy than ever before, and the most vocal result of new thought is the demand that we should keep clear of the impending hostilities which seem likely to involve Great Britain. The loudness and frequency of this demand do not prove it to be the voice of a majority of Canadians. How the country would stand on the issue of going in or keeping out, supposing it were competently informed as to the implications of both alternatives, there is no means of discovering; and the confident predictions in favour of one or the other, which we sometimes hear in private conversations or even in public speeches, reflect little more than the sentiment of the speaker. But, all question of majority or minority aside, one thing seems quite clear, namely, that a good many of our English-speaking compatriots have added themselves to the avowedly isolationist French-Canadian *bloc*.

It may be that we shall be given the opportunity, while the precarious peace still endures, of determining for ourselves, and defining to the world, what our national attitude

will be if the worst happens. The old debate as to whether, and how far, we should contribute to Empire defence appears likely to be renewed in the near future; and that may well be the precipitant that will clarify the present murky solution of Canadian opinion. On the other hand, the war may be upon us before we have had any such chance of weighing our loyalties. In either case, there is urgent need for preliminary discussion.

The first phase of any programme of isolation must be neutrality in British wars. Is this possible, and, if so, how is it to be achieved?

Most authorities would answer that neutrality is not legally possible under the present constitution of the Commonwealth. They would maintain, as does General Smuts in South Africa against General Hertzog and his Nationalist followers, that when Great Britain is at war, the Dominions automatically become belligerents. Law can, of course, be amended, and in any case constitutions are always disregarded when political exigencies become really acute. Nevertheless, the existing constitutional position cannot be dismissed as an academic consideration, for the simple reason that, if war were to break out to-morrow, Great Britain's enemy would be legally justified in refusing to recognize any declaration of neutrality which this or another Dominion might make. And if it happened to serve his interest, he would treat Canada's commerce all over the world as enemy trade. In other words, unless and until the present relationship with the mother country is changed, neutrality would not be a matter for exclusively Canadian decision. That is the first point which has usually been overlooked by the isolationists. The C.C.F. deserves some credit for facing the difficulty squarely, when, in its Convention of 1936, it passed a resolution demanding immediate legislation to

"make it clear to the world that Canada is free to be neutral in any war. . . ."

It is admitted that the Dominions are under no obligation of active participation in British wars. We are free to make up our minds in every case whether or not we shall send men, money, or supplies. But between passive belligerency, as it has come to be called, and complete neutrality, there is a great gulf. In a life-and-death struggle between Great Powers, the neutral's lot is not a happy one; but at least he is not subject to the direct violence that may be brought to bear on the belligerent, be he active or passive. It would be hard enough, given the great fund of British sentiment which exists in this country, to preserve a securely recognized neutrality; it would be more difficult still to remain passive as a belligerent in any war in which the enemy's strength and strategy exposed Canadian interests to direct hostilities or threatened Canadian territory.

Considerations such as these lead inevitably to the conclusion that, if she wants to remain quite out of the conflict now threatening, Canada would be well advised to secure at once the abolition of the existing rule that involves her in any declaration of war made by Great Britain. But those who are tempted to urge this step should first ponder some of the indirect results.

Probably the most prized consequence of our membership in the Commonwealth is the status of British subject. The value set upon that status is partly sentimental, for it involves attachment to family, race, and tradition; it is also materially practical, since it involves prestige and protection. If we repudiated unity in war and peace, it seems highly probable that Canadians would have to surrender their British nationality. Constitutionalists might argue that the Commonwealth would, by the recognition

of neutrality, clearly resolve itself into that mere "Personal Union" which some of the politicians think we already form. The link, they would say, would be nothing more than the fact of sharing the same sovereign. If, however, the source of nationality is allegiance to the person of the sovereign, the change would not rob us of our common national status. Thus might legal theory preserve the name and forms; it could not preserve the substance of nationality.

In the protection of all British subjects in foreign parts, Great Britain now offers to citizens of the Dominions, at need, the services of an enormously expensive diplomatic, naval, and military establishment. Part at least of the *quid pro quo* is the solidarity of the Commonwealth at war, even if this carries with it no more than a likelihood of active military assistance. The reservation of a right of neutrality destroys this solidarity.

There may perhaps be considerations of a commercial (or some other) kind which would induce Great Britain to continue the services referred to, in time of peace. But their suspension, at least, would seem to be inevitable in the case of a Dominion which in war availed itself of the right of neutrality. Under the conditions of modern warfare, a belligerent has to concern himself with protection against, rather than of, neutrals.

This, however, would not be the heaviest strain upon the coherence of the Commonwealth. In the prospect of Dominion neutrality, English eyes would be bound to foresee the spectacle of fellow-subjects supplying the enemy with food and raw materials without which he could not continue his war. As things now are, such supply would be prohibited under the caption of trading with the enemy; whereas, given neutrality, some attempt at an impartial distribution of exports would be incumbent

upon us. On our side would fall the corresponding strain of seeing British cruisers exercising, with their familiar efficiency, the rights of belligerents against our neutral trade.

Maintenance of unified nationality along with neutrality would also throw a burden upon Great Britain's enemies which they could hardly be expected to bear. We should in effect be asking them to distinguish between British subjects according as they had, or had not, lived for three years in Canada. Those who could show such residence would be exempt from all the forfeitures which smite the enemy alien. Shipping registered here would also be exempt, and both of these facts would offer means of evading the penalties of war which a strong belligerent would probably eliminate by flat refusal to make the distinction.

Nothing has been said thus far of the moral objection to retaining, in the quality of British subject, a claim on services, while repudiating, in neutrality, a reasonable share in the burdens of political association. I do not dwell upon this aspect of the problem because I believe that the practical difficulties which, though necessarily hypothetical until tested, are nevertheless foreseeable with some degree of certainty, are sufficient indication that neutrality can be bought only at the price of our common nationality. I have elaborated the point because I doubt whether it has been seriously reckoned with by the C.C.F. or others who advocate this departure.

The constitution of the Empire and Commonwealth has conciliated so many contradictions, and harboured so many incongruities, that only a rash prophet would predict that any new proposal, however disruptive in appearance, would certainly wreck it. But in its threat to the sentiment and substance of fellow-citizenship, neutrality

attacks what is, *par excellence*, the cohesive principle of our association.

The political possibility of a declaration of neutrality by Canada lies outside the scope of this discussion. The only bearing of that question upon our topic is that if a sufficient majority of Canadians should be found in favour of the step with all its implications, to warrant its being taken, they might also be sufficient to enforce upon a loyalist minority the measure of impartiality which neutrality demands. The prospect is, however, not the least unattractive of the incidents of war.

The next phase in isolation must be withdrawal from all existing commitments to possible action in favour of any non-Canadian political community or organization, and the avoidance of such commitments in the future. This would appear to be the dominant desire of French Canada, as interpreted, for example, by Professor Jean Bruchesi to the Canadian Institute on Economics and Politics; and there are other Canadians who advocate the same course. It amounts to the complete rejection of any positive partnership in the British Commonwealth; it dismisses all idea of a society of states. It belongs to the same order of medieval dreams as that French Roman Catholic theocracy on the banks of the St. Lawrence, of which so much has recently been heard. Those who preach such a policy for Canada would withdraw this country from all but economic commerce with the rest of the world; some indeed contemplate a return to the pioneer simplicity and piety of the spinning-wheel, thereby adding material to political and intellectual self-sufficiency.

These objections to a policy of isolation are, however, of a moral or aesthetic nature, and, as such, they would count for little against a plan that offered substantial

prospects for exemption from the starkly material horrors of war. But the life of our people depends upon intense economic intercourse with other countries, and this cannot be divorced from political relations. To divide economics from politics is scarcely less difficult in the international than in the domestic sphere, and the whole trend of modern existence is to make the distinction more difficult. As between attempted isolation, therefore, and voluntary co-operation in the society of nations, the question is not whether we shall have political relations, but whether our political relations shall be regulated or left to the unpredictable hazards of power.

The only hope for isolation would seem to lie in the achievement of that complete self-sufficiency which is the Arcadia of certain ardent nationalists and quack economists. In Canada it could only mean turning the clock back to subsistence husbandry and home industries. And even then peace would hardly be secure, unless, without our aid, the rest of the world had submitted itself to the government of reason. For the spectacle of rich territory, sparsely populated and little developed by a weak and detached nation, would eventually constitute irresistible temptation to the land-hungry.

Happily, as a permanent ideal, a parochial Utopia of this sort for the northern half of our continent is too far removed from the realm of practical possibilities to need serious examination. What is serious is the movement towards a temporary adoption of certain of its elements. Every day we are being urged not only to stay out of the war into which actual international complications threaten to draw Great Britain, but to have no part or parcel in the League of Nations "as now constituted" or "in its present form." This attitude of reproachful waiting appears now to have been officially adopted by the C.C.F.

as its "platform" on foreign policy. It is justified by a formidable recital of the familiar banalities about economic competition, the struggle for raw materials, peaceful change, and the use of the existing League as a screen behind which "imperialist governments . . . play the old game of power politics."

Nothing could be more legitimate at this time than criticism of the record of the League of Nations. But vague resolutions on "providing machinery for the peaceful change of treaties; dealing fearlessly with economic conflicts; working out in advance a clear policy for collective action against an aggressor . . ." are of very little use except as general directives for a loyal member of the League seeking by all means at its command to strengthen that organization from within.

It is to be hoped that the Covenant may eventually include working provision for the correction of those economic and social conditions which are contributing causes of war. It may be expedient to limit territorially the duty to participate in military compulsion, adopting to that extent the scheme of regional leagues. A universal organization, a common clearing house for the regional associations, will still be necessary for the application of economic sanctions, which must remain the first line of constraint, and for the multifarious international business which can be administered only on a world-wide scale. Every effort must be made, which, short of incapacitating the international society for effective action, may induce the United States to take its rightful part. In most respects, however, the form and constitution of the League must continue very much as at present. They are in the main excellent. The Covenant had from the beginning most of the necessary provisions for the peaceful settlement of disputes and the prevention of aggression.

It was the refusal of the members to abide by their written word which made the organization a failure, and no form or constitution can entirely safeguard it in future against such breaches of faith.

Most of the criticism heard in this country seems to advocate our standing aside and waiting until we are quite sure that a perfect League of perfectly dependable members has been consummated. At that moment, presumably, we are to confer upon it the boon of our participation. Such a posture ill becomes a country whose timid reservations and active obstruction contributed so strikingly to the weakening of the great new institution launched in 1920. The missing voice thus far is one urging that we devote ourselves in future to the fulfilment of our own obligations under the Covenant, using all our influence in the Commonwealth, and elsewhere, to encourage similar fulfilment on the part of other signatories, and thus do something to repair the damage we have wrought.

No one with a grain of common sense predicts a smooth and easy path for an international society however universal and however perfectly organized, or counts upon the constant virtue of the nations in future if they can but now be given a fresh chance. There will always be self-seeking, duplicity, and violence, to deal with. We ourselves should be out of place in a world of perfect altruism and integrity. The argument for going on with the work of establishing international government is not any nearby prospect of heaven upon earth; it is the chance of improvement by determined effort, and the stupid misery of the alternative anarchy.

Meanwhile, those who deny all idealism in that measure of international organization which we already have, who see nothing but ruse and hypocrisy in what has gone on at Geneva since 1920, are at least as vicious or as

blind as those who promise immediate panacea in a new League. Granted that the Covenant was unhappily linked with an oppressive treaty and that nationalistic absolutism was still powerful enough to preserve loopholes in the text, the motive dominating its composition and early application was, nevertheless, a genuine desire for a new world-order. From the beginning, the innermost significance of events at Geneva has been the struggle between the old anarchic autonomy of the state and the realization of an effective society of nations. In the last five years the advantage has passed to the side of anarchy, and humanity is being dragged by its unruly elements towards the hated crisis of war. To withdraw now, disclaiming all responsibility, into the remote haven of North American moral superiority, to wait for a spontaneous rebirth of Europe and Asia, is a course within our power to take if the majority of our people desire it. It is a course which involves the sacrifice of privileges and loyalties which in the past have meant much to us. It may reward us with a temporary exemption from military action. But it looks uncommonly like desertion before the enemy.

It may be worth while, in conclusion, to state summarily the upshot of this analysis and its meaning in terms of practical policy for Canada in the event of war.

The view has been expressed, in the first place, that neutrality means sacrifice of our common British nationality, and probable severance of all constitutional ties between the present British nations. It is, therefore, a step which should be taken only if the people of this country feel that the time has come to set themselves up as a completely separate state. Secondly, isolation as a permanent policy has been dismissed as a plan which reverses the whole trend of human affairs without offering secure pros-

pect of peace. Finally, the suggestion that we withdraw from the present League and wait for a purer association of reformed nations has been characterized as defeatism which, instead of consolidating what has been achieved and building further upon that foundation, abandons all effort to some future age of gold.

The inference is that we should continue in our present status as member of the Commonwealth and member of the League. If war comes, we may, though this now appears unlikely, be called upon as a member of the League to participate in military action against the nation or nations responsible for its outbreak. In that event we ought to fulfil the whole obligation which a reasonable interpretation of the Covenant casts upon us. The event is unlikely because what is now fomenting has all the appearance of a free-for-all, in which the League will have no rôle.

If, League or no League, Great Britain is involved, we should accept the legal position of belligerent. Whether, and how far, we shall contribute to the prosecution of the war should depend upon the majority opinion of our people as to our own danger, the justice of the cause, the need of Great Britain, and our power, economic and political, to meet that need. It must be at once admitted that the emotions stirred up by war will make rational decision upon these questions extremely difficult, if not impossible. But who can say that any preliminary declaration of neutrality would save us from the internal strife with which the prospect of general war menaces this Dominion? It may well be that legislation now to secure neutrality, would precipitate a struggle, which, if war miraculously fails to transpire, need never be waged at all.

It is the nature of man to hope for, even to count upon, miracles. And, with President Roosevelt contemplating

a conference to save the tottering peace, we need not quite despair of time to check the rush to arms. In any interval that may be vouchsafed, the government of Canada, if it were capable of understanding a wisdom that smacks of idealism, would be working hard with every well-disposed nation to restore and enhance the original authority of the League.

REVIEWS

THE SCHOLAR AS CRITIC[1]

P. L. Carver

It is unnecessary to commend Professor Snyder's lectures to the many readers of this journal who must have heard them orally delivered. In the more scattered regions of the underprivileged, it may be too lightly assumed that the author has said everything worth saying on his favourite theme in the erudite *Life of Robert Burns* which he published four years ago, and that the present publication must be an abridgment or summary of a work which the wise reader prefers to take at full length. Professor Snyder himself seems to encourage some such error by remarking, with perverse modesty, that he has "inevitably leaned heavily" upon the larger achievement. It must certainly have surprised the audience, if we may judge by the printed word, to hear that he "leaned heavily" upon anything. No action could be more remote from the swift, graceful, and easy movement of his exposition.

The two volumes do not lend themselves to comparison, for there can be no comparison between the root and the flower. In both works Professor Snyder is searching for the truth, but he devotes himself mainly to scientific truth in the larger volume, and to artistic truth in the smaller. Neither could have been written without the incidental help of qualities for which the other affords freer scope, and neither would satisfy every test which is properly applicable to the other.

It is easy to write the biographies of men who are memorable for their actions, for actions can be observed and recorded. A competent historian can follow Wellington to Waterloo, or Lincoln to Gettysburg, or Gladstone to Midlothian, with the happy confidence that he sees each crisis with the eyes of the hero, and can explain exhaustively why this course was taken and not that, and how far, if at all, the decision fell short of perfect wisdom. Where shall we find the genius who, with equal penetration, will write the biography of a poet as a poet, following the progress of his mind from the first

[1] *Robert Burns: His Personality, his Reputation, and his Art*, by Franklyn Bliss Snyder. [The Alexander Lectures in English at the University of Toronto, 1936.] The University of Toronto Press, 1936.

dawn of inspiration to the crowning achievement? Some enthusiasts, more royalist than the king, would tell us that the miracle has been accomplished in *The Road to Xanadu*, and a still more recent school of thought proclaims its faith in the method of *Shakespeare's Imagery*; but no one knows better than Professor Lowes that to discover the quarry from which the stone was taken does not explain the genius of the architect, and no one knows better than Dr. Caroline Spurgeon that the law of association did not create the character of Hamlet. The impenetrable mystery remains, and the less fortunate or less enlightened biographer is still encountered in the duty path

> Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark
> On outward things, with formal inference ends;
> Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils
> At once—or, not recoiling, is perplexed—
> Lost in a gloom of uninspired research.

It is not to be denied that intelligent research may help us to build up a chronological record, and, in so far as the actions proclaim the man, to trace the outline of a character. That one such record after another could be regularly presented as the "life" of a human being is one of the penalties of bondage to mechanical habits of thought, and it is a hopeful sign of deliverance in some distant future that the present generation has witnessed the first stirrings of discontent. Can we breathe life into dust and ashes? Can we animate the cold remark on outward things so as to bring back, with the formal inference, the spirit of Burns?

It would not be true to say that Professor Snyder devoted the whole of his former and greater effort to the task of collecting dry bones and afterwards performed a miracle of revival in the lecture-room. The biography is complete in itself, and displays, as has been said, the essential qualities which re-appear in the lectures; but the lectures afford the appropriate occasion for a more intimate approach, and a more personal confession of faith, than the scientific method would allow. There are signs of a certain verbal exuberance which the greater work would hardly have led us to expect, and which harmonizes excellently with "that blend of laughter and *sæva indignatio* which the author's restraint and self-control make doubly effective." The author in question is, of course, Burns; but the remark would be true of many passages of the lecture from which it is taken. If Professor Snyder could not bring back the

spirit of Burns to re-animate the dry bones of research, he has managed unconsciously to assimilate much of that spirit himself. It is in the lectures, rather than the biography, that the authentic voice is heard.

It remains to add that the spirit of Burns does not protect the critic from liability to error. It would be ungracious to search out faults in a book of preponderating merit, but there is one peculiarity which obtrudes itself upon the reader's notice as if it had been carefully designed to challenge attention. A certain propensity to vigorous exaggeration—a certain impatient readiness to grasp at unproved conclusions—is the natural outcome of the author's enthusiasm. It is by no means foreign to the spirit of Burns, though it is entirely foreign to the spirit of Professor Snyder's biography. On the strength of a series of analogies, "Biblical, classical, mediæval European, and American," reinforced by some stray allusions to the House of Stuart, the American Congress, the Revolution of 1688, and the policy of Pitt, we are asked to believe that Burns was "alert and inquisitive about history and politics," and to see in this active curiosity a sign of his "intellectual range and power." That Burns had exceptional ability, apart from his genius, no one will wish to deny, but his admirers would be sorry to think that the fact depended on such evidence as this. The knowledge of history attributed to the poet reminds us of the similar accomplishment of a very modern hero of fiction:

> He knew that Alfred had burnt some cakes, that Charles the First had been beheaded, and that—some time between these two equally important events—Queen Elizabeth had sunk the Spanish Armada. He knew that there were rivers in Europe called the Danube, the Rhine, the Seine, and the Volga—the last because it was the same as a word used by the schoolmaster in rebuking a manner-less boy. He knew, further, that Queen Mary had had "Calais" written on her heart, and that to describe this queen as "bloody" was not swearing. He knew: "Not Angles but angels!" and "Take away that empty bauble!"; and he knew that the English Channel divides England and France, and that his good fortune in having been born on the right side of that same Channel made him the equal of any three Froggies. These titbits had given him no appetite for the larger meal of education.

On the second point, Burns's acquaintance with current politics, the evidence is more convincing, but it is not, in itself, a proof of intellectual distinction. Any reader of newspapers may be interested in politics. In the early eighteenth century, Addison had remarked that "there is no humour in my countrymen, which I am

more inclined to wonder at, than their general thirst after news," and it is apparent in the continuation, too long to be quoted, that he refers to political news in particular. In the age of Burns, according to Crabbe, not only did

> Our weekly journals o'er the land abound,
> And spread their plague and influenzas round,

but every morning Gazettes and Ledgers swarmed, and every evening brought a fresh supply

> Of Ledgers, Chronicles and Posts again,
> Like bats, appearing when the sun goes down,
> From holes obscure and corners of the town.

It has often been remarked with surprise that Jane Austen, who lived through the time of Trafalgar and Waterloo, makes only one slight allusion to events which were shaping the destiny of nations. Will Professor Snyder interpret her indifference as a sign of exceptional stupidity?

One more illustration must be given, for it raises questions of wider and deeper interest. After remarking on "Burns's use of picturesque and skilfully selected verbs," Professor Snyder adds this daring generalization: "I know few better ways to test a writer's command of his language than to observe his success or failure in the use of verbs, which furnish the bony framework of both poetry and prose. Modifiers, such as adverbs and adjectives, fill in the details; but it is the verbs that really build the idea and present it to the reader." There follows a quotation of ten lines, admitted to be "slightly unusual," and the lecturer proceeds happily to his next point.

We will not venture to say categorically that Professor Snyder is wrong, but we cannot agree, as he seems to expect, that the proposition is self-evident. It does not satisfy the test of numerous lines which, having found their way into the common currency of speech, suggest themselves first for consideration:

> A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
>
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
>
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.
>
> There are two companies of men on earth,
> The noble living and the noble dead.

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.
>
> O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
>
> Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
> Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
> Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
> They kept the even tenour of their way.
>
> A man's a man for a' that.

The verbs in these specimens hardly allow scope for skilful selection; most of them would be the first choice of a child of ten if the context were supplied by the poet. Let it be admitted that this is a game which two can play at. Professor Snyder is entitled to produce his own list as an offset to this one, or, if he prefers it, to argue that short quotations are misleading, and to call in the evidence of whole sonnets and odes. If, however, he could ultimately prove his case, he would be in some danger of proving more than he wished or intended. The general rule is that verbs denote action, action implies effort, and the sense of effort excludes the notion of the sublime. Even Milton, when he describes the acts of the Satanic host in a passage rich in verbs, fails to convey the sense of superhuman power:

> Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge
> Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
> Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
> Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round
> Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
> With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
> Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
> The Roof was fretted Gold. Not Babilon,
> Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
> Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
> Belus or Serapis thir Gods, or seat
> Thir Kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
> In wealth and luxurie.

Here is a great description of great deeds performed by great strength; but in the Biblical example there is no room for either strength or deeds or description, for the purpose and accomplishment are brought together in a single thought: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

A poem may, it is true, be perfect of its kind without attaining the sublime; but the disciples of Burns will not be easily convinced

that there is something in the nature of his art which forbids him to make the approach.

These casual objections do not detract from the value of the book, which deserves its place beside the larger volume. Since the greater part of this review was written, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has remarked, in a public speech, that "many of Burns's biographers had patiently gathered facts, but had brought no understanding to bear upon the results of their labours. They had apparently been specializing in flaws without ever understanding the magnificent personality that underlay them and bore them up."[2] If that impression can be formed by an observer beyond the gloom of uninspired research, Professor Snyder's broadly sympathetic treatment must be even more urgently needed than had been supposed.

PRE-WAR DIPLOMACY

G. deT. Glazebrook

The outbreak of the War in 1914 threw into sharp relief the diplomatic history of the previous fifteen or twenty years, and since that time a steady stream of documents, memoirs, and monographs has poured from the presses of the world. The inevitable disputes about the origins of the War brought in their train a host of conflicting theories, which too often took the form of violently partisan treatment and special pleading. Gradually the study of pre-War diplomacy has come to be viewed in a more detached and scholarly way. In part this is due merely to the cooling of tempers through the passage of time; and in part to the accumulation of evidence which makes more possible a scientific approach. The great collections of British, German, French, and Austrian documents form the groundwork of any study of diplomacy in those years, leaving only Russia and Italy of the Great Powers to fill in the gaps. Smaller groups of documents, diaries, autobiographies, and numerous monographs make up the second source of information. The contemporary writer, with these advantages, may see his subject fitting into its historical perspective. Furthermore, an intangible change of atmosphere affects both writer and reader. The books on diplomacy

[2] *Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 21, 1936.

which were published during the War were thinly-veiled propaganda. Many of those published in the early post-War years were coloured by a feeling that they dealt with a vicious system of "secret diplomacy," abandoned in favour of public discussion and collective agreements. The dawning realization that the methods of international relations in vogue before the War had neither begun in the twentieth century nor ended in 1919, helped further towards a more sympathetic examination of pre-War diplomacy.

Three recent works,* while not the first of their kind, show the advantage of the changes mentioned. Professor Langer of Harvard has in the present work carried on the study of international relations which he began in *European Alliances and Alignments, 1871-1890.* He starts with the end of the Bismarckian system and the growing significance of imperialism:

> The most striking thing about international relations in this period is the extraordinary complexity. There is not, as in the Bismarckian era, any straightforward development or any understandable system. Everything and everybody seems to be at odds, and the historian finds himself confronted at every turn by almost insuperable problems of presentation. This complexity was the direct result of two factors: one was the breach made in the Bismarckian system by the abandonment of the Re-insurance Treaty, which brought in its wake the Franco-Russian alliance and the division of the continent between two alliance systems; the other was the tremendous expansion of the field of possible conflict. Diplomacy had to deal not only with the accepted problems of European politics but with a multitude of world problems.

To these two factors Mr. Langer adds a third, the importance of British policy, because, as he says, "neither the Triple Alliance nor the Franco-Russian alliance could upset the balance of power on the Continent in its own favour without the accession and support of England," and because "the European nations when they turned to world affairs were confronted with a situation in which England easily played the most important rôle." For this latter reason Mr. Langer's analysis of imperialism is based on English models. He seeks neither to defend nor attack imperialism as a whole, and thus escapes that easy cynicism which has so often be-

**The Diplomacy of Imperialism, 1890-1902*, by William L. Langer, 2 vols., Alfred A. Knopf (Toronto, Ryerson Press), 1935.

Before the War: Studies in Diplomacy. Vol. I: *The Grouping of the Powers*, by G. P. Gooch, Longmans, Green and Co., 1936.

The Eve of 1914, by Theodor Wolff, trans. by E. W. Dickes, Victor Gollancz (Toronto, Ryerson Press), 1935.

clouded the facts. He then traces the course of diplomacy in Africa, the Near East, and the Far East. While, as he says, the subject is complex, his account is clear and is based on a detailed study of documents and secondary authorities. The second volume of Mr. Langer's work overlaps Mr. Gooch's book, itself the first volume of a study of diplomacy. Mr. Gooch, one of the most eminent of English historians and co-editor of the *British Documents on the Origins of the War*, prefers to treat the subject by studies of five statesmen: Lansdowne, Delcassé, Bülow, Iswolsky, and Aehrenthal. With a genius for brevity, he takes us through the careers of these leading actors and explains the issues with which they were concerned.

Without explicitly saying so, Mr. Gooch would probably agree with Mr. Langer on the importance of British policy. In both works we may read of the Anglo-German negotiations. While the two accounts are based on much the same materials, the conclusions are somewhat different. The former sees Bülow as "largely responsible for the estrangement of England," while the latter argues that "the suggestion that the Germans throw over their friendly relations with Russia to aid the British in blocking the Muscovite advance in China was really somewhat naïve," and that "under the circumstances it is difficult to find fault with the policy of the German government."

In both works, too, are excellent accounts of the negotiations which led to the Anglo-Japanese alliance. At that point (1902) Mr. Langer's narrative ends, though his chapters on early naval rivalry, Fashoda, and the Boer War carry us on to the next period. Mr. Gooch's volume has the sub-title of "The Grouping of the Powers," and is primarily concerned with two things: the entrance of England into the alliance system, and "the testing of the Entente." Relying principally on documentary evidence, he shows the interests of the Powers and the policies of the statesmen who for the time being were responsible for foreign relations.

After the annexation of Bosnia, the European Powers fell, pretty definitely, into two diplomatic groups. From there we may continue the story in Mr. Theodor Wolff's *Eve of 1914*. Mr. Wolff, as editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* (1906-33), had the opportunities which an important newspaper gives of keeping in touch with the European scene. In addition, he has evidently studied the recent materials on the pre-War period, although his volume is without the footnotes

that are the usual marks of such research. His method of writing is, indeed, rather different from that of Mr. Langer or Mr. Gooch. Mr. Langer, to some extent, and Mr. Gooch particularly, confine themselves to diplomatic negotiations with only enough explanation to make them understandable. While Mr. Wolff also describes such affairs as the Agadir incident, he paints on a wider canvas. He is interested in individuals, in public opinion, in the general scene in each country. One of the best sections of the book is that entitled "The Death of the Waltz," in which he works from the introduction of the tango to the atmosphere in the countries of Europe. Similarly in his final section are vivid pen-pictures of the people, policies, and opinions in each of the Great Powers.

None of the writers of these books makes a separate analysis of the methods and principles of diplomacy, perhaps wisely leaving it to the reader to draw his own conclusions. Those who look for sinister characteristics in diplomatists will find no direct support from the words of the three authors; they will, on the other hand, find many cases in which those in charge of diplomacy were not equal to great occasions. Such inadequacy is a central theme of Mr. Wolff's study, who finds in the German government, in July, 1914, "simply stupidity and the methods of operation of reckless gamblers." Other instances of major mistakes will be found in Gooch's pages: of Delcassé, who "sinned against the cardinal principle that diplomacy should never outpace military preparations;" of Bülow, who misjudged English policies and power; of Iswolsky, who mishandled the Bosnian affair; of Aehrenthal, who mortgaged the future for a temporary success. There was no Bismarck, no Cavour, in those years: many diplomatists of high ability, but none of genius.

One is tempted to compare pre-War with post-War diplomacy in the light of these three excellent books. Whether or not public opinion has become more influential remains to be tested. It affected the Franco-Russian alliance, was highly significant in British imperialism, and played a part in the Baghdad railway. To Mr. Wolff, the majority of the people in all countries except Serbia seem to have wanted peace, only to be warlike when the gauge was at last thrown down. The cleavage between the Great Powers before 1914 was not on a basis of character, but of interest. England, the most democratic state, was nearly allied with Germany, and was in effect an ally of Russia. Republican suspicion of Russia and autocratic suspicion of France did not block the alliance of the two states.

There was neither Fascism nor Communism to complicate diplomacy. Alliances were made on the strength of interest, and came to be regulated by the balance of power. International organization in the political field was represented only by the Hague Conferences, towards which all the Powers looked with thinly-veiled cynicism. Competition in armaments was seen as a more realistic factor.

A study of pre-War diplomacy leaves not so much an impression of the false principles, or even the lack of ability, of the men concerned, as of the dangers of that complicated system and of the precarious base on which peace rested. The personnel has changed, but the system remains. Imperialism and naval rivalry still go hand in hand; orators tell eager audiences of security and national honour; men play with war in the name of country. "Pre-War diplomacy" has come to describe a period, not a system.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY THOUGHT: TWO VIEWS*

E. K. Brown

In his study of Schiller's aesthetics, M. Victor Basch remarks that the subjects which will prove most rewarding to a modern investigator are the marginal subjects, subjects on the ideal margin between philosophy and history, let us say, or between literature and sociology. In the two books under review, the authors have shown unusual powers in dealing with such marginal subjects: Mr. Mead, who was a professor of philosophy, has found the French Revolution, the rise of a research method in science, and the growth of industry as important to the understanding of nineteenth-century thought as critical idealism or mathematical realism; and Mr. Beach, who is a professor of literature, is at least as interested and as erudite in the philosophers' conceptions of nature as in the poets' use of them.

Movements of Thought in the Nineteenth Century is a collection of Mr. Mead's lectures, reported by a stenographer and edited by

**Movements of Thought in the Nineteenth Century*, by George H. Mead, University of Chicago Press, 1936.

The Concept of Nature in Nineteenth Century English Poetry, by Joseph Warren Beach, Macmillan, 1936.

Professor Merritt H. Moore, a former student, with the assistance of colleagues of Mr. Mead. There is no reason to question Mr. Moore's assertion that the book is substantially accurate, although one is a little alarmed when one reads such a sentence as this: "With the increase in the amount and the expense of apparatus, with the advantage which could be obtained by holding the *project* so that it could be sold at a profitable time, ready capital was found to be of great value." The word *project* is here an error for *product*, one of those dangerous errors which seem to make sense. One is also a little alarmed at finding that the two most important French terms employed in the lectures are incorrectly reported: Rousseau's *volonté générale* (pp. 20, 28, *etc.*) and Bergson's *durée* (p. 311). The absence of the footnotes which Mr. Mead would have supplied had he published a book on such a subject is also regrettable. One is disturbed by a sentence such as this: "The influence which particularly moved Carlyle, though, was that of Schelling, although Fichte too had his influence, as is shown particularly in *Sartor Resartus*." Such a dictum is not borne out by a reading of Carlyle's comments on German thought, and it is in direct contradiction with the views of Cazamian and Harrold. A more serious weakness is recognized by the editor: "Mr. Mead had a very effective teaching habit of advancing cyclically through his subject matter. The result was a good deal of repetition." The book is too long; and although Mr. Moore has abridged the material he had before him, the process of abridgment should have been carried farther.

The first impression made upon one by Mr. Mead's lectures is that of comprehensiveness, followed by one of admiration for his power to discern connections between seemingly unconnected matters. Philosophy was, for him, a discipline in which the problems presented by economic, political, and scientific facts are solved. The failure of the political movement which expressed itself in the French Revolution—the movement to establish a purely rational society—presented such a problem. With the return to the old order, arose a new frame of mind; after the rational experiment, men came back to the old order "from the standpoints of new individuals, new selves." In this return, Mr. Mead finds the origin of the Romantic temper; for him Romanticism is not introspection, but the aggrandizement of the self, the enlargement of the content of the self, in consequence of a liberation of the self from what may be called a static environment. This view which dominates the long

series of chapters on critical idealism is, I need scarcely say, open to question. Literary scholars have been busy in showing that the Romantic temper existed long before Coleridge and Schiller. And similar efforts have been made by historians of art. With such studies Mr. Mead does not appear to have been in touch: he appears, for example, to have believed that the revival of Gothic was a post-Revolutionary movement. Although the psychological effect of the failure of the revolutionary movement is to be regarded as a contributory cause in the development of Romanticism rather than as its origin, what Mr. Mead says of it is extremely suggestive.

Another example of his power of provocative synthesis is to be found in the relation he establishes between the rise of the research method in science and the discrediting of the Hegelian dialectic. For Hegel development takes place through the conflict between opposite universals which are reconciled in a higher synthesis; whereas, in scientific research, "the conflict arises between the theory of the law and some particular observation, some particular so-called 'fact' which is in conflict with that law." Since the Hegelian dialectic was unable to state the universal process in terms consistent with the method of modern science, it "lapsed simply because there was no real use for it."

As the century proceeds, Mr. Mead more and more places his main emphasis on science. Indeed, the only modern philosopher who is not a scientist (or a disciple of science) to be considered with any detail is Bergson; and for his "irrationalism" Mr. Mead has no respect; it "represents a failure to grasp the import of the scientific method." Nowhere else in the book does Mr. Mead speak so severely as of the "intuition" to which Bergson has always attached so much importance, and particularly in the expression of his ripest wisdom, in the final pages of *Les Deux Sources de la Morale et de la Religion*, which was published too late for Mr. Mead to see it. This at least may be said,—that Mr. Mead had an instinctive repugnance for any method of interpreting reality which was not sanctioned by the scientific method. The study of psychology as undertaken by a Pavlov or a Dewey he admired; but a thinker who, like Bergson, values the illuminations of the great mystics as a precious aid to the understanding of reality immediately aroused in him distrust. In his treatment of Bergson we may accordingly find the explanation of what will seem to many a strange lop-sidedness in the picture Mr. Mead gives of the latter half of the century. If

more proof were needed that Mr. Mead was out of sympathy with all forms of modern thought which are not scientific, it could be found in his account of modern idealism. That account consists of one sentence: "There has been a neo-idealism in our modern philosophic thought too; but it has not played a very important part, and I will not complicate the picture by introducing it." The name of F. H. Bradley does not appear in the text or the index.

When one has reconciled himself to the perspective of the book (the defects of which, in a measure, the editor himself concedes), one is free to appreciate its high merits. Happy the university in which lectures such as these are given to undergraduates, happy the students who could turn for direction to a mind so richly stored with various knowledge and so gifted in linking facts and tendencies which are more and more coming to be the exclusive provinces of myopic specialists.

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None of the misgivings which Mr. Mead's book, for all its interest, arouses, visits one in reading Mr. Beach's account of the life and death of an idea, of a phase in the development of man's attitude to the universe. The religion of naturalism was a stage in the passage of the modern world "from medieval Christian faith to the scientific positivism which tends to dominate cultivated minds today." "Historically considered, the faith based on this concept of nature amounted for the literary mind, to a kind of substitute for the Christian religion." Mr. Beach distinguishes four periods in the attitude towards nature in the past one hundred and fifty years: (1) the attitude of the Romantics, primarily Wordsworth and Shelley, (2) that of the Transcendentalists from Coleridge to its culmination in Whitman, (3) that of the Victorians who strove to revise the Romantic and Transcendental faith in nature in response to the challenge of Darwin's hypothesis, and (4) the gradual withdrawal of interest in the concept of nature which marks recent poetry.

That his point of departure is arbitrary, determined in some degree by his own interest, Mr. Beach admits. But a long and painstaking account of the concept of nature as it appears in the philosophy and natural theology of the eighteenth century saves the book from even the appearance of a fragmentary discussion. The account of the eighteenth century's attitude to nature serves another end: in giving it Mr. Beach studies the sources and, in a

more liberal sense, the intellectual environment of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Coleridge, and nothing in his book more surely establishes it as an important contribution to the intellectual history of the nineteenth century than the pages in which he studies the theological, philosophic, and scientific treatises that the Romantic poets read or may have read. In particular, the understanding of Shelley is greatly advanced by his tracing of Shelley's naturalism and "Platonism" to their varied sources. At intervals Mr. Beach focusses the erudition which has occupied many pages of careful exposition and argument on the re-interpretation of single verses or brief passages from Shelley and Wordsworth, as, for example:

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,

which has led Mr. Beach to an examination of Newton's belief in "the divinely planned combination of gravity with projectile motion" or transverse motion, as he calls it. Another important instance is the passage in *Prometheus Unbound* (Act II, Scene 2) which begins:

There those enchanted eddies play . . . .

Here Mr. Beach sees a reflection of the Necessarianism which Shelley drew from his eighteenth-century masters. With justice Mr. Beach affirms in opposition to the older Arnoldian view: "The more one studies Shelley, the more one realizes that very little in his poetry is purely fanciful, but that some subtle intellectual concept underlies his most curious metaphors."

Less detailed but scarcely less valuable is the account of the various efforts of the Victorian poets to incorporate in their naturalism the implications of evolution. As one reads the chapters on Tennyson and Browning, one is inclined to be a little impatient with Mr. Beach's severity. Many of the passages in which earlier critics (Hugh Walker, for example, whose penetrating book, *The Greater Victorian Poets*, Mr. Beach does not appear to have used) have found evidence of a belief in evolution, Mr. Beach regards as simply expressions of the old doctrine of the "scale of creation." Others, he insists, "do not rule out the possibility of intervention by a supernatural power in the evolutionary process." There are other tests applied before a poet is recognized as a believer in evolution; readers of the QUARTERLY will perhaps recall, as an illustration of the severity I speak of, Mr. Beach's article "Emerson and Evolution" (vol. III, no. 4). But when one reaches the luminous and eloquent chapters on Meredith and Swinburne, one appreciates that Mr

Beach has been exacting in his dealings with Tennyson and Browning the better to bring out the depth and the courage of the later poets. Nowhere else in the six hundred pages of this book does Mr. Beach speak with such warmth as in his estimates of the intellectual and spiritual content of Meredith, of whose wisdom most readers are aware, and of Swinburne, who, more surprisingly, is praised—and rightly praised—as one who has "so completely assimilated the concept of evolution that he does not need to use any of the technical terms of science, but has already invented a highly poetical vocabulary in which to render what is for him the spiritual gist of evolution, its bearing upon human conduct and destiny." The excellence of the chapters on the later Victorians makes one greatly regret the omission of Morris, whose naturalism would reward study. Space permits the mention of but one passage in support of this regret, but it is, I think, decisive. In *News from Nowhere* (chap. xxvii) one of the sharpest attacks on life in the nineteenth century is Clara's remark that it was "a life which was always looking upon everything, except mankind, animate and inanimate,—'nature,' as people used to call it—as one thing, and mankind as another."

Although the Darwinian hypothesis was a temporary stimulant to the poetry of nature, Mr. Beach is doubtless right in his belief that it was mortal to the religion of naturalism. The religion of naturalism requires two beliefs: belief in man's oneness with nature and belief in the essential benevolence of nature. The Darwinian hypothesis strengthened the former, but rendered the latter untenable. If nature is red in tooth and claw, there is no elation or enlargement of soul in the belief in man's oneness with it.

From Hardy to the most recent poetry of England and America, the trend of thought, when there has been any thought, has been towards the study of peculiar states of peculiar minds or towards the study of man in society. "The progress of our race is no longer thought of by our poets as guaranteed by the inherent tendencies of nature." On the one hand is Mr. Eliot, who has lent a dignity of thought and feeling to modern poetry by striking a deeply religious note: for him the retreat from nature has not been a rout, since he has fallen back on what is impregnable, as Mr. Beach says, "on the intuition of the heart which is God." On the other hand are the proletarian poets, above all Mr. Spender and Mr. Day Lewis, who "fall back on the hope of a social union among men in a rationally ordered state." The next twenty years should show whether

in such themes as these poetry can find its account as it has so fully found it in the concept of nature. Mr. Beach is doubtful and hopes for a great constructive metaphysician who shall offer a new synthesis.

THE SETTLEMENT OF CANADA*

D. A. MacGibbon

The problem of whether or not immigration into this country, either from the British Isles or Europe, should be encouraged is one upon which there exists great diversity of opinion. British visitors, fearful that British customs and institutions may be undermined in Canada by other racial strains, talk about our "great open spaces" and suggest that we should adopt an aggressive immigration policy designed to strengthen the British base in Canada. On purely economic grounds, many Canadians have urged that, since a larger population in Canada would be desirable from the standpoint of the nation growing up to its over-developed transportation systems, harbours, cities, and public works, the government should make strenuous efforts to put more people on the land. On the whole, economists who have examined this proposed remedy for our national difficulties, give the proposal very little sympathy. It is pointed out that large numbers of immigrants, who have been induced to come to Canada at considerable expense and effort, do not remain here, but make this country a jumping-off place for entry into the United States; that the "great open spaces" which the trans-Atlantic visitors see from the car window often are not suitable for intensive settlement; and, more specifically, that with a serious unemployment problem in hand immigration would aggravate the situation. From another angle it is urged that in so far as there are areas in Canada that might be colonized, these should be retained for young Canadians who may desire to go on the land.

The student of Canadian affairs who wishes to inform himself on this important problem, could not do better than read these three books which effectively complement each other. Professor Harvey has been well advised to put fourteen short radio-addresses into book-form. The result is a slim volume which can be read easily

**The Colonization of Canada*, by D. C. Harvey, Clarke Irwin, 1936.
The Colonization of Western Canada, by Robert England, P. S. King, 1936.
Group Settlement: Ethnic Communities in Western Canada, by C. A. Dawson, The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1936.

in an evening. The early settlement of old Canada and the Maritimes, the Acadians, the United Empire Loyalists, important movements, from Scotland, Ireland, and England, into the older provinces, the Selkirk settlers in the Red River Valley, the gold-seekers in British Columbia, and, more briefly, the settlement of the Prairie Provinces, are all dealt with deftly by a practised hand. Professor Harvey is perhaps least successful in his consideration of the early period, and I am inclined to think that the use of the old place-names of Isle Royal and Isle St.-Jean, without identification with Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, may confuse some readers who are not as familiar with history as Professor Harvey.

One conclusion emerges rather clearly from Professor Harvey's study. Unhappy conditions in the home-land are a more powerful force in inducing migration than the lure of economic betterment in the new. The heavy movement of population into the older provinces followed such events as the American War of Independence, the dispossession of small holders in Scotland by the landlords, the potato famine in Ireland, and the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 in England. Professor Harvey indulges in some reflections which seem to indicate that he is doubtful about the future of Canadian nationality:

> I ask you to remember that you cannot make a Frenchman of an Englishman by force, or an Englishman of an Irishman, or an Irishman of a Scot. Nor does history show that you can make a Russian of a Pole, an Austrian of a Czech, an Italian of a Jugo-Slav, or a Turk of a Greek. . . . We, therefore, cannot make Englishmen out of all the different peoples who are numbered among our immigrants: nor can we make English-Canadians or French-Canadians of them.

No doubt Professor Harvey has in mind the historic failure of Saxon, Celt, and Norman, to form a virile intelligent nation in Britain. With his main conclusion, however, the reviewer heartily agrees: that Canada should not spend any money or make any efforts to stimulate immigration at the present time, but should continue to select very carefully those who would come of their own accord or "under the aegis of societies or individuals, however distinguished."

With *The Colonization of Western Canada* by Robert England, the study narrows to the Prairie Provinces but gains in intensiveness. Mr. England until recently was manager of the Colonization and Agricultural Department of the Canadian National Railway at Winnipeg. He is also the author of a previous study on *The Central European Immigrant in Canada* (Toronto, 1929). He writes thus as one who not only has long been a student of colonization problems

in the Canadian West, but has also had the advantage of "active participation in much of the activity described." Mr. England's book is a fully rounded study of the problems and achievements of Western settlement. After a survey of the physical controls that condition agriculture in this region, three chapters deal with the settlement of the Prairie Provinces. These are followed by a discussion of the methods and policies of land-settlement. Consideration is also given to the back-to-the-land movement of 1930-4. The balance of the book is devoted chiefly to a study of the results of the community progress competitions initiated by Dr. W. J. Black in 1930.

These competitions were developed with a view, on the one hand, to bringing within the sweep of Canadian culture and life the traditional skills, homecrafts, and handicrafts of European peoples settled in Western Canada, and on the other, to interesting these peoples in the services provided by the provincial institutions in education, health, and agriculture. Incidental to this study there are short descriptions of the principal non-British racial groups located in Western Canada. What Mr. England brings out clearly is not only the positive advances that have been made by these strangers within our gates, towards becoming Canadians, but also the distinctive contributions that they are capable of making to our community life. In contrast to Professor Harvey, it is on this note that Mr. England ends his book.

Group Settlement: Ethnic Communities in Western Canada, by Professor C. A. Dawson of McGill University, is volume VII of the admirable series being issued on the "Canadian Frontiers of Settlement." If Mr. England emphasizes the achievements of foreign-born settlers who are becoming new Canadians, Professor Dawson displays the other side of the shield. He stresses the gradual breaking down by secular influences of barriers deliberately formed by homogeneous ethnic communities to preserve themselves in a way of life unspotted from the world. With candour, composure, and good judgment, Professor Dawson focusses his attention in turn upon the Doukhobors, Mennonites, Mormons, the German-Catholic and the French-Canadian groups, settled in Western Canada. The groups which he studies, are fairly large, are growing, and have been located long enough in Western Canada to indicate the trend of their evolution.

It is impossible in a short review to discuss many points that are raised by this very full and excellent study. The Doukhobors,

Mennonites, and German Catholics, all came to Western Canada in order to develop a type of community life that in some respects was at variance not only with that of the country from which they emigrated, but also with that of Canada, to which they came. To achieve their ends as fully as possible, they selected isolated places, but with the general opening up of the West, their isolation was lost, and from this arose problems of adjustment. In the case of the Mormons, when their church renounced the practice of polygamy, the danger of community conflicts practically disappeared. The history of Mormon development is that of a hard-working, enterprising group of settlers, combatting the vagaries of wind and weather while establishing themselves on new territory.

But in the case of the other three major groups, there have been difficulties, although adjustments to Canadian ways of living are taking place slowly in response to secular influences. These secular influences in the main are exerted through the public school, the public press, and the everyday contacts of economic life—the grain companies, the banks, the railways. Professor Dawson's careful examination confirms Mr. England's records of community achievement, and both studies together tend to allay any fears lest these groups constitute a genuine threat to the development of Canadian nationality. The real problem here is, while slowly integrating these people into full and reciprocal Canadian citizenship, not to weaken certain fine ideals operative in their lives. In concluding the study, Professor Dawson points out that the incorporation of these ethnic communities into the social and economic structure of the prairie regions placed a heavy burden upon all its inhabitants. This is part of the price that has been paid for the rapid exploitation of the Canadian West. These people are here, however, and there is nothing to do but to make the best of the situation.

A further reflection may be permitted in a review which already grows too long. The assimilation of groups of the size dealt with in this volume is a very slow process, and while undoubtedly it is proceeding, there is no use in growing impatient at the slow rate of progress, nor in expecting complete assimilation until many years have elapsed. Moreover, in dealing with masses of people, chiefly of peasant stock, and poorly educated, who suffer the added disability of not understanding English, public officials must be prepared to exercise great patience and to display a wise measure of tolerance instead of precipitately resorting to the police and relying on penal measures.